

Division

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THE

HYMN BOOK

OF THE

✓ African Methodist Episcopal Church,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS, SACRED SONGS AND CHANTS,

Designed to supersede all others hitherto made use of in that Church.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing.—Isa. xlii. 11.

Singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord.—Eph. v. 19.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion.—Milton.

TWENTY-SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED AT THE
PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH,

631 PINE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

Rev. J. C. EMERY, Business Manager.

1890.

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COMPILER'S REMARKS.

TO THE BISHOPS OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH :

VENERABLE FATHERS:—In pursuance of a resolution adopted by the General Conference during its session in 1868, at Washington, D. C., doing me the honor of appointing me as compiler of the new edition of our hymn book, I now have the honor herewith to submit the manuscript of the same for your inspection. As you well know I have been about five years working upon this manuscript; and yet it falls far short of what I would have been pleased to have given the church. But when you take into consideration the fact that I have had to execute the work amid the most busy and onerous years of my life, traveling most of the time day and night, planting and organizing new churches and missions, superintending most of the time the interest of our beloved connexion in the Empire State of the South, preaching thousands of sermons and delivering thousands of addresses, with no money appropriated to assist me in procuring clerical help—you will, I know, be more charitable with its defects and probable omissions, than you would have been had my facilities been otherwise. I have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that I did the best I could under my embarrassed circumstances.

The magnitude of the work required at least, that two experienced hymnologists should be given wholly to it for an indefinite time, to prepare such a collection of sacred songs, as the growing demands of our church will very soon stand in need of. In the execution of it, however, I have had as my primal object the glory of God and the good of the church.

Therefore I have disregarded the criticisms of our own day and the animadversions of posterity, and have collected and arranged as my best judgment dictated, such hymns as I thought would be best adapted to the present wants of our people; leaving posterity to provide for themselves. In doing this you will observe I have drawn very largely upon the Wesleys, so much so, that it may be regarded as strictly a Wesleyan hymn book; notwithstanding, I had before me thirty-two of the best and most orthodox hymn books extant, from which I culled with prayer and great patience to make a collection of sacred poems, commensurate with the intellectual and literary status of our people. Several hymns were furnished by our own ministers, but, as they were so carelessly prepared in the main, the most of them were rejected. This statement is made with regret. Under the head of "Revivals" a large number of old "Zion songs" have been inserted

This may elicit the disapproval of some of our poetic neologists. But they must remember we have a wide spread custom of singing on revival occasions, especially, what is commonly called SPIRITUAL SONGS, most of which are devoid of both sense and reason; and some are absolutely false and vulgar. To remedy this evil, and to obviate the necessity of recurring to these wild melodies, even to accommodate the most illiterate, these time honored and precious old songs, which have been sung since the time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," have been as it were resurrected and regiven to the church. Besides, I am not ashamed to say that I love those good old soul-inspiring songs a thousand fold more than I do these later day operatic songs, most of the music of which is composed by persons who know nothing of God or religion, and some of whom are avowed atheists. And my experience in this respect, I am sure, is the experience of thousands of the ministry and laity. I desire in this connection to tender my most grateful acknowledgments to Mr. William Steward,

COMPILER'S REMARKS.

cashier of the Freedmen Bank at Tallahassee, Fla., and to Miss A. G. Adams, an estimable young lady of Savannah, Ga., for valuable aid given in the consummation of this work. And now, venerable fathers, to you, to our ministry and laity, to the mourner in Zion, and to the heathen in distant lands, and to unborn posterity, I commit these precious pages with the trust, that when the writer shall be sleeping in the dust, they may be sung to the joy and comfort of millions; and upon this feeble effort to serve my church, my day and generation, I ask the sanction of heaven and the blessing of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Yours, most obediently,

H. M. TURNER.

Savannah, Ga., June 2d, 1873.

PREFACE.

BELOVED BRETHREN:—The General Conference of 1868 appointed Rev. H. M. Turner to revise our old hymn book, which was equivalent to authorizing him to compile a new one. He entered heartily upon his work, and at the end of eight years has given us a compilation, which, in many respects is excellent, inasmuch as it is more varied, comprehensive and useful than that, which we have been using for the last forty years; because it has a larger collection of Wesleyan hymns; therefore, richer in Wesleyan Christian ideas expressed in lyrical forms. Considered as a compilation, it is certainly a great improvement upon the whole book as it existed from 1836 to the present time. The Divisions, entitled "Birthdays," "Fast and Thanksgivings," "Morning and Evening," the "Seasons," "Baptisms," are enriched by additional hymns from the pens of other evangelical lyrists. New divisions have been created, embracing hymns and spiritual songs suited to the progressive spirit of these modern times, such as the sections, entitled "Missions," "Dedication of Churches and Laying of Corner Stones," "On Reading The Holy Scriptures," "Revivals," "Patriotic Songs," "Farewell." The whole compilation ends with twelve sweetly solemn chants, and seventeen doxologies suited to all known meters.

PREFACE.

The usefulness of this edition is enhanced, by having annexed to it: (a) Our Ritual. (b) The General Rules, which, not only our Pastors, but every one of our members, also, ought to be able to repeat from memory. (c) The Reception of Members, which every one *ought* to read, at least once a quarter, in order that they may be reminded of the sacred obligations. We recommend the whole book to you, dear brethern and sisters, as one well adapted to intensify the flames of private, personal devotion, as well as to promote the cause of Religion in the public worship of the living God.

But, beloved, forget not that hymns, spiritual songs—lyrics of the most elevated poetry, breathing the noblest sentiments avail us nothing, unless we sing with the spirit and the understanding, therefore, in the language of the Apostle, we exhort you to be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord. And with David, “Praise ye the Lord for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant and praise is comely.” “Serve the Lord with gladness, come into his presence with singing.” “I will sing of mercy and judgment, unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.”

DANIEL A. PAYNE,
A. W. WAYMAN,
JABEZ P. CAMPBELL,
JAMES A. SHORTER,
T. M. D. WARD,
JOHN M. BROWN.

} Bishops of the
African Methodist
Episcopal Church.

September 1st, 1876.

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PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

1 L. M. WATTS.

The Sovereign Jehovah.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people; we his care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Father, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as Eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

The Trinity.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
/ Blessings more than we can give.
- 2 Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 One, inexplicably three,
One, in simplest unity:
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear.
- 4 Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings:
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.
- 5 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!

The Trinity.

- 1 I give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:

OF GOD.

He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory, too ;
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

4

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Trinity.

1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom one in three we know :
By all thy heavenly host adored
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim :

Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess :
Thee, holy Son, adore :
Spirit of truth and holiness,
We praise thee evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive !
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

5 Three persons, equally Divine,
We magnify and love ;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shali be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In coëternal Three !

5 C. M. S. WESLEY, JR.

To God the Father.

1 Hail, Father, whose creating call
Unnumbered worlds attend ;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend !

2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see ;
The fountain of the Godhead owned,
And foremost of the Three !

- 2 From thee, through an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring, flowed:
An everlasting Father, thou,
An everlasting God.

6

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German of Dr. Breithaupt.]

The Glory of God.

- 1 O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
- 2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart:
With love embrace and cover me!
- 3 While thee, all infinite, I set,
By faith, before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight:
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.
- 4 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew:
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars th' ethereal blue.
- 5 Greatness unspeakable is thine—
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.

- 5 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word:
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

7

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Divine excellence.

- 1 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three:
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of thee!
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen:
Thou art a spirit pure:
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.
- 5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' almighty God of love.
- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made:
Thy goodness we rehearse,

In shining characters displayed
Throughout our universe.

- 7 Mercy, with love and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign ;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy fav'rite creature man.
- 8 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise designed ;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts, of all mankind.

8

L. M.

WATTS.

The Glory of God.

- 1 God is a name my soul adores,
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One :
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds and moves their
frame ;

Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

9

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Trinity.

1 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive,
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render, in thanks, their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace:

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"

- 5 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 6 Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height:
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!
- 7 Eternal, Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And dwell upon thy love.
- 8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

10

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Glory of God.

- 1 O all-creating God,
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee:
- 2 For this thou hast designed,
And formed us man for this:
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

11

L. M.

WATTS.

Divine majesty.

- 1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God :
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name ;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

12

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

1 *Chron.* xxix, 10-13.

- 1 Bless'd be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King !
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

- 2 By thee the victory is given :
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and
heaven,
And all therein, are thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain ;
And, high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honor, give ;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

13

C. M.

WATTS

"Doing wonders."

- 1 Father, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill ;

And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ:
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe:
We love and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

6 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

14

8,8,8.

J. WESLEY.

1 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From thee: no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yet self-sufficient as thou art,

Thou dost desire my worthless heart :
This, only this, dost thou require.

- 2 Primeval Beauty ! in thy sight
The first-born, fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade :
What then to me thine eyes could turn ?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !
- 3 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own th' almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky !
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear ?
'Tis God made man, for man to die !
- 4 O God, of good th' unfathomed sea !
Who would not give his heart to thee ?
Who would not love thee with his might ?
O Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite ?

15

C. M.

BISHOP PAYNE.

- 1 Father above the concave sky,
Enthroned in light profound,
At thy command, the lightnings fly,
And thunders roar around.
- 2 O who can see the beaming Sun,
The smiling moon at night,
The snowy clouds, the countless stars,
Enrob'd with dazzling light,

- 3 And yet refuse to sing thy praise,
In sweetest notes of love?
Or echo to angelic lays,
Which fill the worlds above?
- 4 Whene'er I tread the blooming plains
And pluck the fragrant flower,
The luscious fruits, the yellow grains,
I see thy matchless power.
- 5 What moves on earth, or wings the air,
Or swims the swelling sea,
Is but a ray of life to point
Immortal man to Thee.
- 6 The lucid eye, the sapient thought,
Give to my gazing soul,
Then all, which earth or sky hangs out,
Shall speak of thy control.
- 7 Then, will my heart and tongue unite,
When Nature's works inspire,
Thy praise to sing, at morn and night,
Upon the sacred lyre.

16 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Fearful in praises."

- 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,

Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord, your God adore:
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

17

8s.

HART.

"This God is our God."

1 This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Opening worship.

- 1 O thou, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.
- 2 The King of nations we proclaim :
Who would not our great Sovereign fear ?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.
- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait :
And O, how dreadful is this place !
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate !
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire :
And lo ! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill,
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above ;
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

19

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalm viii.

- 1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all Divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe. .
- 3 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes.
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies :
- 4 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?
- 5 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.
- 6 Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 7 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all Divine :
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

20

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How doth thy wondrous skill array
The earth in cheerful green !
A thousand herbs thy art display,
A thousand flowers between.
- 2 The rolling mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command :
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad :
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God !
- 5 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

21

C. M.

COWPER.

"Wonderful in Counsel."

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

22

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,

Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

23

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7.

1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound :
A vast unfathomable sea
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are !
A rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

24 C. M. STERNHOLD.

Psalm xviii. 9, 10.

- 1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

25

L. M.

ADDISON.

Psalm xix. 1-6.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, (a shining frame,)
 Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball :
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

26

7,6,7,6,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

The Trinity.

- 1 Meet and right it is to sing
In every time and place,

Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease:
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One.
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed before thy throne!

3 Vying with that heavenly choir
Who chant thy praise above,
We, on eagles' wings aspire—
The wings of faith and love:
Thee, *they* sing, with glory crowned—
We extol the slaughtered Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die:
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

27

8,8,8,8,8,8.

ADDISON.

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

28

L. M.

JAS. A. HANDY

- 1 Supreme good Master, most sublime,
High throned in glory's radiant clime .

Behold thy sons on bended knee
 Convened O God, to worship thee.

- 2 And as 'tis thine, with open ear,
 The suppliant voice of prayer to hear,
 Grant thou, O Lord, this one request,
 Let Christians be in blessing blest.
- 3 O give to them, from pole to pole
 The feeling heart, the pitying soul,
 The generous breast, the liberal hand,
 Compassions balm and mercy's band.
- 4 Then to thy throne the earth shall raise
 Triumphant shouts of grateful praise;
 And christian men in chorus join,
 To hymn the power of love divine.

29

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalms xxxvi, 5-9.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines:
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep:
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands:
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
 Both man and beast thy bounty share:
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.

- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

30

6,6,6,6,8,8.

WATIN.

Psalm xcvi.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high:
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe:
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs:
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name
 My Father and my Friend?
 I love his name, I love his word
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

31

S. M.

WATTS

Psalm ciii, 1-7.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul:
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
 'Tis he relieves thy pain;
 'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave;
 He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
 Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good:
 He gives the sufferers rest:
 The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
 And justice for th' opprest.

- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

32

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German.]

The God of all grace.

- 1 Eternal depth of love divine,
 In Jesus, God with us, displayed,
 How bright thy beaming glories shine!
 How wide thy healing streams are spread!
- 2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
 Sinners, a vile and thankless race.
 O God! what tongue aright can tell
 How vast thy love, how great thy grace?
- 3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
 With joy our grateful hearts receive:
 All thy delight in us fulfill:
 Lo! all we are to thee we give.
- 4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
 Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
 O fix thy sacred presence there,
 And seal th' abode for ever thine!

33

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalm ciii, 13-18.

- 1 The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his name,

Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath :
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

34 10,10,11,11. GRANT.

Psalm civ.

1 O worship the King, All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and his love :
Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, And girded with
praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space ?
His chariots of wrath The deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is his path On the wings of the
storm.

- 3 The earth, with its store Of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power Hath founded of old:
Hath stablished it fast, By a changeless de-
 cree,
And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the
 sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, It descends to the
 plain,
And sweetly distills In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, Nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, How firm to the
 end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- 6 O measureless might, Ineffable love:
While angels delight To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, Though feeble their
 lays,
With true adoration, Shall lisp to th. praise.

35

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxxxix, 1-6.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known to thee:
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,

My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

36

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Trinity. Hab. iii, 2.

1 A thousand oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 When God himself imparts,
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
 And challenge them to sing
 Jehovah, on his shining seat,
 Our Maker and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh, is wholly ours,
 And asks our noblest strain;
 The Father of celestial pow'rs,
 The friend of earth-born man!
- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
 With rapturous amaze
 On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
 For heaven's superior praise!
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
 For us his crown resign'd:
 That fulness of the Deity,
 He died for all mankind!

37

8,8,8,8,8.

MERRICK.

Psalm cxlv.

- 1 Far as creation's bounds extend,
 Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend:
 One chorus of perpetual praise
 To thee thy various works shall raise:
 Thy saints to thee, in hymns, impart
 The transports of a grateful heart.

- 2 They chant the splendors of thy name,
 Delighted with the wondrous theme;
 And bid the world's wide realms admire
 The glories of th' almighty Sire,
 Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,
 Whose power through endless ages lives.
- 3 From thee, great God, while every eye
 Expectant waits the wished supply,
 Their bread, proportioned to the day,
 Thy opening hands to each convey:
 In every sorrow of the heart
 Eternal mercy bears a part.
- 4 Who ask thine aid, with heart sincere,
 Shall find thy succors ever near:
 To thee their prayer in each distress,
 Thy suff'ring servants, Lord, address;
 And prove thee, verging on the grave,
 Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

38

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxlvii, 1-11.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise:
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames:
 He counts their numbers, calls their names:
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn:
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

39

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Te Deum.

- 1 Infinite God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise:
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow ourselves before thy throne.
- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

- 3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise :
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand ;
And all the saints and prophets join
T' extol thy majesty divine.
- 4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast :
The church to earth's remotest bounds
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds ;
And strives with those around the throne
To hymn the mystic Three in One.
- 5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee ;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power ;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

40

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Absolute perfection.

- 1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all thy own :
A drop of that unbounded sea,
Is ours—a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare ;
And humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored;
Let all on earth bow down to thee
And own thy peerless Majesty.

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace:
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

41 8,8,8. J. WESLEY.

(From the German of Wolfgang C. Dessler.)

Majesty and mercy.

- 1 O God, of good th' unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesus, Lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays:
Before th' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet, free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works: thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.
- 3 Astonished at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars, bow:
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

- 4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure, still
 Thou sweetly order'st all that is;
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I, with thee
 Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

42

8,8,8,8,8.

J. WESLEY.

(From the German of Jan Van Stegen.)

Opening worship.

- 1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face!
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.
- 2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing:
 To him enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
 To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give:
 O take! O seal them for thine own!
 Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
 Be thou by all thy works adored!
- 4 Being of beings may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill.

Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

- 5 As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar fire,
 So may we catch thy every ray,
 So may thy influence us inspire,
 Thou Beam of the eternal Beam!
 Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning Flame!

43

S. M.

WATTS.

All-sufficiency.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call:
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell:
 'Tis paradise when thou art here—
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss:
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford!
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll!
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie
O Jesus, raise me higher!

44

C. M.

HERVEY.

Too wise to err—too good to be unkind.

- 1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!
- 2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?

To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

45

S. M.

WATTS

Psalm xix. Before morning sermon.

- 1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light :
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just :
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

46

S. M.

WATTS

Psalm xix. After sermon.

- 1 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Lord, send thy Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray !

- 2 O who can ever find
 The errors of his ways?
 Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind,
 I would not dare transgress.
- 3 Warn me of every sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 4 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

47 L. M. C. WESLEY.

Psalm cxvi. 8, 9.

- 1 My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
 Saved from the second death, I feel,
 Mine eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run,
 Mine eyes on his perfections gaze:
 My soul shall live for God alone,
 And all within me shout his praise.

48 7s. MILTON

Psalm cxxxvi.

- 1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed :
His full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure,

49

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Exodus xxxiv. 5, 6.

- 1 Great God ! to me the sight afford
To him of old allowed ;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud !
- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.
- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be !
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art,
But let me rather prove

That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast:
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
And suits the sinner best.

6 Our mis'ry doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

50

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxiii. Opening morning service.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King!
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

51

S. M.

WATTS

Psalm xcv. Opening worship.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound:
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne:
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

52

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxlv.

- 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere :
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

53

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Exodus xxxiv. 7.

- 1 Reserves of unexhausted grace
Are treasured up in thee,
For myriads of the fallen race—
For all mankind and me.

- 2 The flowing stream continues full
Till time its course hath run ;
And while eternal ages roll
Thy mercy shall flow on.
- 3 Merciful God, long-suff'ring, kind,
To me thy name is showed ;
But sinners most exult to find
Thou art a pard'ning God.
- 4 Our sins in deed, and word, and thought,
Thou freely dost forgive ;
For us thou by thy blood hast bought,
And died that I might live.
- 5 Yet wilt thou not the guilty clear, .
If we to sin return :
Thy wrath, vindictively severe,
From age to age shall burn ;
- 6 Unless our sinful misery
We, self-condemned, bemoan,
And find an Advocate in thee,
Before thy Father's throne.

54

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The rainbow round about the throne.

- 1 Lord, round thy throne the rainbow shines,
Fair emblem of thy kind designs ;
Bright pledge, that speaks thy cov'nant sure,
Long as thy kingdom shall endure.
- 2 No more shall deluges of woe
Thy new-created world o'erflow :

Jesus, our Sun, his beams displays,
And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

- 1 No gems so bright, no forms so fair—
Mercy and truth still triumph there:
Thy saints shall bless the peaceful sign,
When stars and suns forget to shine.

55 6,6,6,6,8,8. C. WESLEY.

Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13.

- 1 Young men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high:
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.
- 2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim:
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.
- 3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet, —
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs:
Glory to God be given,

Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth and heaven :
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

56

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalm ciii, 8-12.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins •
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

57

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

- 1 Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky:
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth:
Thou thund'rest, and amazed they fly!
- 2 With downcast eye th' angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face:
Trembling, they strike the golden lyre,
And thro' heaven's vault resound thy praise.
- 3 In earth, in heaven, in all, thou art:
The conscious creature feels thy nod:
Thy forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.
- 4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone!
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
- 5 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace!
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!
- 6 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe,
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay, transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair :
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim.
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.
- 3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing :
Let every list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir :
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid :
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
- 5 Let every element rejoice :
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll :

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

- 6 Let man, for nobler service made,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ :
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound
The general burst of joy.
- 7 Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne :
Ye princes, rulers, all adore ;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power
An image of his own.
- 8 Let youth its ardent passions move,
To praise th' eternal Source of love,
With all its hallowed fire :
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name, then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.
- 9 Let saints, redeemed from death and hell,
In louder, loftier numbers, tell
The wonders of his grace :
Beyond creation's utmost bounds,
Above her noblest, sweetest sounds,
Declare Jehovah's praise.

All Things are of God.

- 1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee ;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven,—
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine

60

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Faithfulness of God.

- 1 The truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand ;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.
- 2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.
- 3 The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness ;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.
- 4 The hills and mountains melt away,
But he is still the same :
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

61

C. M.

WATTS.

Faithfulness of God.

- 1 My never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure ;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

- 3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne !
But there 's a nobler promise sealed
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honor raise
To thine unchanging love.

62

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above :
Praise him who formed you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night
To own your borrowed rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue ;

- For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar :
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters, sporting on the flood
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these :
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him that bids you grow :
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honors raise,
And climb the morning sky :
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound :
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

Dominion of God.

- 1 The Lord of glory reigns ; he reigns on high ;
His robes of state are strength and majesty ;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his
hand
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King ; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign,
In vain the storms, in vain the floods, arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the
skies,
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild
commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling
ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more ; ye floods, be
still ;
And all the world submissive to his will ;
Built on his truth, his church must ever
stand ;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
See his own sons, when they appear before
him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

64

C. M.

WATTS.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

- 1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Before his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men ;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine :
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns
And casts the monarch down.
- 6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

65

L. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

- 1 Lord, thou hast searched and seen me
through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

66

C. M.

WATTS.

God searching the heart.

- 1 God is a spirit, just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Whate'er the guise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

67

L. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 Father of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee ;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.
- 2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.
- 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night ;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.
- 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,

And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

68

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Condescension.

- 1 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,—
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light.—
- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?
- 4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

69

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

God is love.

- 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
 Man decays, and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above :
 Every where his glory shineth ;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

70

C. M.

G. BURDER.

God is Love.

- 1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord
 And lift your souls above ;
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
 To show, that God is love.
- 3 Behold, his loving-kindness waits
 For those who from him rove,
 And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
 To teach them, God is love.
- 4 And O that you, whose hardened hearts
 No fears of hell can move,

May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love !

- 6 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

71

L. M.

NEEDHAM.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

- 1 Awake, my tongue ; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing ;
Praise Him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned ;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, O, what grace !
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace !
Here, wisdom shines forever bright ;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

72

C. M.

WATTS.

Eternity of God.

- 1 Great God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !

Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

73

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 Father of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:

2 Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed:
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call;
And fillest every mouth with good.

- 3 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread :
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid :
- 4 Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine :
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
- 6 All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns : be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

74

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Continued. Second petition.

- 1 Son of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power :
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy wondrous grace adore :
- 2 The triumphs of thy love display :
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory end what grace begun.

75

L.

J. WESLEY.

Continued. Third petition.

- 1 Spirit of grace, and health, and power ;
Fountain of light and love below :
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.
- 2 In flame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil ;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

76

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Continued. Fourth petition.

- 1 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply :
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
- 2 On thee we cast our care : we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need :
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread !

77

L. M.

J. WESLEY

Continued. Fifth petition.

- 1 Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain !
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood :
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean !

- 2 To every soul (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see,
God is in us; for God is love.

78

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Continued. Sixth petition.

- 1 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee.
- 2 Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art:
In us be all thy goodness showed;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

79

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Concluded. The Doxology.

- 1 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
Coëqual, coëternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee!
- 2 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is;
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Christ—His Kingdom and Atonement.

90

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's commission.

- 1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs :
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry :
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace :
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

81

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xcvi.

- 1 Joy to the world—The Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth —the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

82

C. M.

HEBER.

The holy child Jesus.

- 1 Abashed be all the boast of age,
Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come!
- 2 O Wisdom! whose unfading power
Beside th' Eternal stood,

To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood,—

3 Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy faltered prayer.

4 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

5 So may our youth adore thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless,
With fost'ring grace, the timid flame
Of early holiness!

83 C. M. ENFIELD.

"I have given you an example."

1 Behold where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found:
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek he stood :
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :
He labored for their good.
- 5 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

84

C. M.

ANON

The Prince of peace.

- 1 To us a child of hope is born,.
To us a Son is given :
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread :
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a child of hope is born ;
To us a Son is given ;—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

The Incarnation.

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled:"
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord:
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:

Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place:
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

86

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

"They shall call his name Immanuel."

- 1 Let earth and heaven combine,
 Angels and men agree,
 To praise, in songs divine,
 Th' incarnate Deity:
 Our God contracted to a span,
 Incomprehensibly made man.
- 2 He laid his glory by;
 He wrapped him in our clay:
 Unmarked by human eye,
 The latent Godhead lay;
 Infant of days he here became,
 And bore the mild Immanuel's name.
- 3 Unsearchable the love
 That hath the Saviour brought;
 The grace is far above
 Or man or angel's thought:
 Suffice for us that God, we know,
 Our God, is manifest below.
- 4 He deigns in flesh t' appear,
 Widest extremes to join:
 To bring our vileness near,
 And make us all divine:
 And we the life of God shall know;
 For God is manifest below.

- 5 Made perfect first in love,
 And sanctified by grace,
 We shall from earth remove,
 And see his glorious face :
 Then shall his love be fully showed,
 And man shall then be lost in God.

87

L. M.

STEELE.

"Leaving us an example."

- 1 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 O how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his Heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight :
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love :
 If then we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his Divine example move !

88

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"That ye should follow his steps."

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee confess,
 Foll'wers of thy holiness,

Thee they ever keep in view,
 Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
 Governed by thy only will,
 All thy words we would fulfil,
 Would in all thy footsteps go,
 Walk as Jesus walked below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
 Servant to thy servants here,
 Mindful of thy place above,
 All thy life was prayer and love:
 Such our whole employment be,
 Works of faith and charity:
 Works of love on man bestowed,
 Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple meet,
 Let us still our Saviour greet:
 Nightly to the mount repair;
 Join our praying Pattern there:
 There by wrestling faith obtain
 Power to work for God again;
 Power his image to retrieve,
 Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

89

C. M.

MEDLER

The Incarnation.

- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay:
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire

Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled :
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete :
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever nail !
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Though earth, and time, and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

90

L. M.

ANON

Christ the Saviour. Is. xlv, 21-25.

1 Jehovah speaks, let Israel hear !
Let all the earth rejoice, and fear
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours, and his names

2 ' I am the last, and I the first,
' The Saviour God, and God the just ;
' There's none besides pretends to show
' Such justice and salvation too.

- 3 ('Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
'Just on the verge of death and hell,
'Look up to me from distant lands;
'Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.
- 4 'I by my holy name have sworn,
'Nor shall the word in vain return;
'To me shall all things bend the knee,
'And every tongue shall swear to me.)
- 5 'In me, alone, shall men confess,
'Lies all their strength and righteousness.
'But such as dare despise my Name,
'I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 'In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
'Of Israel from their sins be freed;
'And by their shining graces prove
'Their int'rest in my pard'ning love.'

91

L. M.

WATTS.

Believe, and be saved. John iii, 16, 17, 18.

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear:—
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,—
He lov'd the race of man so well,—
He sent his Son, to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:

A thousand joys his lips afford ;
His hands a thousand blessings give.

- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace ;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

92

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Transfiguration.

- 1 When at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy ;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ :
I see the King of glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His lustre, when transformed he stood ;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, " Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell ! "
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise :
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!

'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode!

93

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Unto us a child is born."

1 Father, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son!

2 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

3 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth, by his birth, declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in him we are.

4 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end:
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our friend.

5 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart:

- 6 Changed in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.
- 7 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of peace!
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase!
- 8 Till he convey us home,
Cry every soul aloud,
Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
And take us up to God!

94

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Unto us a Son is given."

- 1 To us a child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given!
Th' Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.
- 2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes, our fallen souls to raise:
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.
- 3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with th' eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.
- 4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

95

C. M.

The Inauguration.

- 1 See, from on high, a light divine
On Jesus' head descend ;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend :—
- 2 " This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice Divine :
" Hear him," his Heavenly Father said,
" For all his words are mine."
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God, the Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful foll'wers here
Shall live, no more to die.
- 5 O may we then, who own him Lord,
And his loved name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess !

96

L. M.

WATTS

Credentials of Jesus.

- 1 Behold the blind their sight receive !
Behold the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !

- 2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son :
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood!
He rises—and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

97 L. M. BOWRING.

The great Teacher.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way :
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest : "
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

98

L. M.

WATTS.

His exemplary life.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

99

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ weeping over Jerusalem.

- 1 What venerable sight appears!
The Son of God dissolved in tears!
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes!
- 2 For whom, blest Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow?
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is graced and mourned with drops divine?

- 3 Nor brother there, nor friend I see—
But sons of pride and cruelty ;
Who, like rapacious tigers, stood,
Insatiate, panting for thy blood.
- 4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies ?
And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner, humbled at thy feet ?
- 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,—
That we have wronged such matchless love :
Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

100

S. M.

BEDDOME.

"He beheld the city, and wept over it".

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry .
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 5 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see :
Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep :
Each sin demands a tear :
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there is no weeping there.

101

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Suffering and Crucifixion of Christ. Matt.
xxvii. 26-53.

- 1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man !
The man of griefs condemned for you
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue !
- 2 See ! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers made long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage ;
His innocence to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage :
Hark ! how they clamor for his blood !
- 4 To us our own Barabbas give ;
Away with him, (they loudly cry :)
Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify !
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear
With nails they fasten to the wood !
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 6 See, there ! his temples crown'd with thorn
His bleeding hands extended wide !
His streaming feet transfixt and torn !
The fountain gushing from his side !
- 7 Where is the King of Glory now !
The everlasting Son of God !

The Immortal hangs his languid brow :
The Almighty faints beneath his load !

- 8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies :
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown :
I caused those mortal groans and cries ;
I kill'd the Father's only Son !

102

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

General redemption.

- 1 Would Jesus have the sinner die ?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree ?
What means that strange expiring cry ?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me :)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live !"
- 2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness though hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.
- 4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears ;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears ;

That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

- 5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

103

C. M.

HAWELS.

Gethsemane.

- 1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down:
In agony, he prayed,—
- 2 “Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil.”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner: see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

104

11s.

M. DE FLEURY

The Garden.

- 1 O Garden of Olivet, dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot:
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

2 Come, saints, and adore him : come, bow at
his feet !

O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet :
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

105

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful."

1 The man of sorrow now
Thou dost indeed appear,—
Beneath my guilty burden bow,
And tremble with my fear.

2 Thy pain is my relief,
And doth my load remove ;
For O, if all thy soul is grief,
Yet all thy heart is love !

106

L. M.

C. WESLEY

1 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Help me to catch thy precious blood !
Help me to taste thy dying love !

2 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died :
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified !

3 At thy last gasp the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies :

O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

- 4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part :
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart !

107

C. M.

S. WESLEY, JR.

The Passion.

- 1 From whence these dire portents around,
Which heaven and earth amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.
- 3 Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesus sympathize !
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom, be black :
'Tis thy Creator dies.
- 4 See, streaming from th' accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood :
Is this the Infinite ? 'tis He,
My Saviour and my God.
- 5 For me these pangs his soul assail ;
For me this death is borne :
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

- 6 Let sin no more my soul enslave :
 Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain :
 O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed nor die in vain.

108

L. M.

WATTS

Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so Divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

109

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Calvary.

- 1 When on Sinai's top I see
 God descend in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.

- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh, made manifest,
Shines in my redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

110

L. M.

CHANDLER

[From the Primitive Church.]

Agony in the garden.

- 1 To whom is our report made known
Of mercies which the Lord hath shown ?
Such wonders scarce can faith believe,
And scarce the mind such love conceive.
- 2 The Son of God, for sinful man
In purpose slain, since time began,
His body now in deed supplies
As our atoning sacrifice.
- 3 But wherefore, Saviour dost thou lie
In such a mournful agony ?
And why those bloody drops that show
Thy soul's deep anguish as they flow ?

- 4 Doth the dread cup deter thy soul?
But O! unless thou drink the whole,
For us poor sinners it must flow,
A draught of never-ending woe.
- 5 But heavenly love is ne'er dismayed,
And God may not be disobeyed;
And lo! he yields him to the hour
Of darkness, and to hell's dark power.
- 6 The Father, who the victim gave,
The Son, who died! mankind to save,
The Holy Ghost, we all adore,
One God, both now and evermore.

111

7s.

MILMAN.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,—
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shiv'ring rock and rending veil,
Eden promised ere he died,
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow.
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

- 3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 Ghost giv'n up in agony,
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead,
 Crucified! we know thee now,—
 Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquest he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow,—
 Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

112

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"It is finished."

- 1 'Tis finished! The Messiah dies,
 Cut off for sins, but not his own!
 Accomplished is the sacrifice,
 The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid:
 Justice Divine is satisfied:
 The grand and full atonement made:
 God for a guilty world hath died.
- 3 The veil is rent in Christ alone:
 The living way to heaven is seen:
 The middle wall is broken down,
 And all mankind may enter in.

- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled :
 Exacted is the legal pain :
 The precious promises are sealed :
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5 Saved from the legal curse I am ;
 My Saviour hangs on yonder tree :
 See there the meek, expiring Lamb !
 'Tis finished ! He expires for me.
- 6 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued ;
 All grace is now to sinners given ;
 And lo ! I plead th^e atoning blood,
 And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

113

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German of Dessler.]

The Crucifixion.

- 1 Extended on a cursed tree,
 Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,
 See there, the King of glory see !
 Sinks, and expires, the Son of God !
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done ?
 Who could thy sacred body wound ?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I,—I alone have done the deed !
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn :
 My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
 Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

- 4 For me, the burden, to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid :
To heal me, thou hast borne the pain ;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay :
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for thee :
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart for ever be !
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God ;
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood !
- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast ;
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

114

C. M.

S. WESLEY, SR.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
 "Receive my soul!" he cries:
 See where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like thine!

115

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

"My Love is crucified."

- 1 O love Divine! what hast thou done!
 Th' immortal God hath died for me!
 The Father's coëternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree!
 Th' immortal God for me hath died:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like his?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified;—
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God:
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:

Pardon for all flows from his side:

*My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

116

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"It is finished."

- 1 Sons of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels, join the song:
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory, ours!
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done:
Greet we now th' atoning Son:
Healed and quickened by his blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordained to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

117

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

1 John v. 6.

- 1 This, this is he that came,
By water and by blood!
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.
- 2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow:
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.
- 3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.
- 4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

118

C. M.

COWPER.

The fountain of atonement.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

119

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The fountain.

- 1 Called from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.
- 2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side!

120

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The fountain.

- 1 By faith I to the fountain fly,
Opened for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life and heart's impurity.

- 2 From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows:
 The purple and the crystal stream
 Pardon and holiness bestows;
 And both I gain through faith in him.

121

7,7,7,7,7,7.

TOPLADY.

Rock of ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee:
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

122

S. M.

KELLY.

Resurrection.

- 1 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
 He lives to die no more:

He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
Then hell has lost his prey ;
With him has risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
Attending angels hear,—
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

123

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

He is risen.

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do :
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs :
The Saviour lives again :
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

- 4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head ;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

124

7s.

C. WESLEY.

The Ascension.

- 1 Hail, the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reäscends his native heaven.
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits :
" Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of glory in ! "
- 3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror over death and sin :
Take the King of glory in !
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves :
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 5 See, he lifts his hands above !
See, he shows the prints of love !

Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below!

- 6 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when thou, Lord, shalt come,
Longing, gasping after home.
- 7 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign:
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

125

S. M.

WATTS.

Atoning sacrifice.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

126

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Isaiah xlii. 6, 7.

- 1 Adam, descended from above,
Saviour and Head of all mankind,

The cov'nant of redeeming love
In thee let every sinner find.

2 Thee, the paternal grace Divine
A universal blessing gave ;
A light in every heart to shine ;
A Saviour,—every soul to save.

3 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy rays to see :
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive pris'ner free.

4 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Deliver from this gloomy pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

5 Open mine eyes, the Lamb to know
Who bears the gen'ral sin away ;
And to my ransomed spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

127

L. M.

WATTS.

Dying, rising, reigning.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground :
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load :
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

128

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxviii. 17, 18.

- 1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there:
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

129

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 O thou eternal Victim, slain.
 A sacrifice for guilty man,
 By the eternal Spirit made
 An off'ring in the sinner's stead :
 Our everlasting Priest art thou,
 And plead'st thy death for sinners now :
- 2 Thy off'ring still continues new :
 Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue :
 Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb :
 Thy priesthood still remains the same :
 Thy years, O God, can never fail :
 Thy goodness is unchangeable.
- 3 O that our faith may never move,
 But stand unshaken as thy love :
 Sure evidence of things unseen,
 Now let it pass the years between,
 And view thee bleeding on the tree,
 My God, who dies for me, for me !

130

6,6,6,6,8,8.

COWPER.

The great Antitype.

- 1 Israel, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view

Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,—
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,—
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile the world to God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And, by a Saviour's death, discharged.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,

The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in every age !
 O grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light vouchsafed to me !

131

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The great Antitype.

- 1 O thou whose off'ring on the tree
 The legal off'rings all foreshowed,
 Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
 And drew their virtue from thy blood :
- 2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
 Could never for one sin atone :
 To purge the guilty off'rer's stain,
 Thine was the work, and thine alone.
- 3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
 Their services could never please,
 Till joined with thine, and made to share
 The merits of thy righteousness.
- 4 Forward they cast a faithful look
 On thy approaching sacrifice ;
 And thence their pleasing savor took,
 And rose accepted in the skies.
- 5 Those feeble types and shadows old
 Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled :
 We in thy sacrifice behold
 The substance of those rites revealed.
- 6 Thy meritorious suff'rings past,
 We see, by faith, to us brought back ;
 And on thy grand oblation cast,
 Its saving benefits partake.

Col. iii. 1-4.

- 1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside:
Dead to the world and sin ye live:
Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies

133

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 Entered the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love
Our great High Priest in glory bears
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.
- 2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears:
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears:
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.
- 3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

134

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above:
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,

And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honors crowned,—

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulded down to dust.

135

C. M.

S. WESLEY, JR.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blessed,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blessed and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

136

C. M.

S. WESLEY, JR.

Resurrection.

- 1 The Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.
- 2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes:
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

137

6,6,6,6,8,8.

DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection.

- 1 Yes! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay, The guards around
Fall to the ground, And sink away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,

To wait his high commands;
 And worship at his feet:
 Joyful they come, And wing their way,
 From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear:
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled,
 Has left the dead: He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by Him from hell;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell:
 Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead, No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God:
 With thee we rise, With thee we reign,
 And empires gain, Beyond the skies.

38

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"Alive for evermore."

6 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heavens—thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
 Fought the fight, the battle won:

- Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
“Where, O death! is now thy sting?”
Once he died our souls to save:
“Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?”
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

139

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Psalm xxiv. 7-10.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew—
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

- 3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed:
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

140

C. M.

WATTS.

Heb. iv. 14-16.

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame:

The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

141

8,7.

BAKEWELL

Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 Hail ! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favor :
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;

Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

142

C. M.

PERRONET.

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

143

7s.

GRANT.

Psalm ii.

- 1 Wherefore do the nations wage
War against the King of kings?
Whence the people's madd'ning rage,
Fraught with vain imaginings?
- 2 Haughty chiefs, and rulers proud,
Forth in banded fury run,
Braving with defiance loud
God and his anointed Son.
- 3 "Let us break their bonds in twain!
Let us cast their cords away!"—
But the Highest with disdain
Sees and mocks their vain array.
- 4 "High on Zion I prepare,"
Thus he speaks, "a regal throne:
Thou, my Prince, my chosen heir,
Rise to claim it as thine own!"
- 5 "Son of God, with God the same,
Enter thine imperial dome!
Lo! the shaking heavens proclaim,
 Mightiest Lord, thy kingdom come.
- 6 "Pomp or state dost thou demand?
In thy Father's glory shine!

Dost thou ask for high command?
Lo! the universe is thine!"

7 Ye who spurn his righteous sway,
Yet, ah yet, he spares your breath:
Yet his hand, averse to slay,
Balances the bolt of death.

8 Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
Haste before his feet to fall,
Kiss the scepter he extends,
And adore him, Lord of all!

144

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Psalm xlvii, 5-9.

1 God is gone up on high
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conqu'ring love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

- 4 Till all the earth, renewed
 In righteousness divine,
 With all the hosts of God
 In one great chorus join,
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

145

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

His regal state.

- 1 Rejoice and sing, The Lord is King,
 And make a cheerful noise :
 To God your ceaseless praises bring,
 Again I say, Rejoice !
- 2 The great I AM !—From heaven he came,
 To make that heaven our own :
 Bow every knee to Jesus' name,
 And kiss th' incarnate Son.
- 3 The Son of God Poured out his blood
 And soul in sacrifice :
 Plunge all in that mysterious flood
 That bears you to the skies.
- 4 The Victim slain Arose again,
 Returning from the dead :
 Ye saints, essay your choicest strain,
 And shout your living Head.
- 5 His glorious reign He shall maintain ;—
 Your crowns from him receive ;
 And live, redeemed from death and pain,
 As long as God shall live.

146

C. M.

BEDDOME.

"Let all the angels of God worship him."

- 1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.
- 2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore,—
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew:
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too!

147

6,6,6,6,8,8.

DODDRIDGE.

"Seen of Angels."

- 1 O ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew his wondrous grace;
His beauteous face In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh arrayed,

Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God, And peace on earth,
For such a birth, Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoiled,—
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled:
And joyed to crown The Victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree,
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see—
The Lord of life expire;
And could your eyes Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then rolled the stone, And all adored
Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqu'ror rode,
Ye hailed his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around Your golden wings,
And struck your strings Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;

While mortals sing with you
 Their *own* Redeemer's praise ;
 And thou, my heart, With equal flame,
 And joy the same, Perform thy part.

148

S. M.

C. WESLEY

Jacob's Ladder.

- 1 What doth the Ladder mean
 Sent down from the Most High ?
 Fastened to earth, its foot is seen,
 Its summit to the sky.
- 2 Lo! up and down the scale
 The angels swiftly move ;
 And God, the great Invisible,
 Himself appears above !
- 3 Jesus that Ladder is,
 Th' Incarnate Deity,
 Partaker of celestial bliss,
 And human misery.
- 4 Sent from his high abode,
 To sleeping mortals given,
 He stands, and man unites to God,
 And earth connects with heaven.

149

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Continued.

- 1 Let Jacob's favored race
 The wondrous scale approve,
 Through which alone we have access
 To that bright throne above.

- 2 The foot on earth is fixed :
He in our nature dwells ;
Sinners and God he stands betwixt,
And God to man reveals.
- 3 The top our faith adores,
The top transcends our sight ;
Above all earthly things it soars,
And all created height.
- 4 His glorious majesty
Our heavenly Lord maintains ;
As God, he dwells above the sky,
As God, forever reigns.

150

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Continued.

- 1 Pursue the mystery !
The duteous angel-train
Ascending and descending see
Upon the Son of man !
- 2 The ministerial host
Their heavenly Lord attend ;
And us, who in his mercy trust,
He bids his guards defend.
- 3 Through Christ, our living Way,
Sent from above they come,
Our spirits safely to convey
To our eternal home.
- 4 They watch each glorious heir,
And, when from flesh released,

Up to our Father's throne they bear,
And lodge us in his breast.

151

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Redeemer of mankind,
Who on thy name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Opened 'twixt earth and sky.
- 2 Mercy, and grace, and peace
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.
- 3 On us thy Father's love
Is for thy sake bestowed:
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God:
- 4 Our way to God we trace,
And through thy name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
On thee we climb to heaven.

152

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The Reign of Christ.

- 1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice.
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love.
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The Keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up

To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

153

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

"Seen of Angels."

- 1 Angels rejoice in Jesus' grace.
 And vie with man's more favored race ;
 The blood that did for us atone
 Conferred on you some gift unknown ;
 Your joy through Jesus' pains abounds,
 Ye triumph by his glorious wounds.
- 2 Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring God,
 Returned with garments rolled in blood !
 Ye saw, and kindled at the sight
 And filled with shouts the realms of light ;
 With loudest hallelujahs met,
 And fell, and kissed his bleeding feet.
- 3 Ye saw him in the courts above
 With all his recent prints of love—
 The wounds!—the blood! ye heard its voice
 That heightened all your highest joys ;
 Ye felt it sprinkled through the skies,
 And shared that better sacrifice.
- 4 Not angel tongues can e'er express
 Th' unutterable happiness ;
 Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
 The bliss wherein through Christ ye live ;
 But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
 And all your God, is doubly ours !

154

7,6,7,6,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

1 *Thess.* iv, 16-18.

- 1 Jesus, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend:
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall pompously attend.
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud
 With the great archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
 Then we that yet remain
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air;
 All rapt up to heaven shall be:
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.
- 3 Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords?
 Joy unuttered we possess
 In these reviving words:
 Happy while on earth we breathe;
 Mightier bliss ordained to know;
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
 To the third heaven we go.

155

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Rev. xi, 15.

- 1 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near:

His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

156

8,7,8,7,4,7.

C. WESLEY.

Second Advent.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransomed worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on these glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Everlasting God, come down!

157

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxii.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown his head;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blessed.

- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more :
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at his feet ;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.
- 7 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen !

158

6,6,6,6,8,8.

WATTS

Various offices of Christ.

- 1 Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my *Saviour* forth.
- 2 But O ! what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our *Redeemer* use
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
 The *Cov'nant-Angel* stands,

And holds the promises

And pardons in his hands :
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide* ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice :
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

159

6,6,6,6,8,8.

WATTS.

Concluded.

1 Jesus, my great *High Priest*,
Offered his blood and died :
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 2 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high :
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by :
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 3 O thou almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.
- 4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 5 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for *Christ* displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

Various offices.

- 1 Thou very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransomed people lead.

- 2 Angel of gospel grace !
Fulfil thy character :
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light :
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

161

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Brazen serpent.

- 1 O that I could look to thee,
Jesus, lifted up for me,
Me, a wounded Israelite,
Me, expiring in thy sight !
- 2 Guilt, the serpent's sting, I feel,
Anguish inconceivable,
Bleeding, gasping on the ground,
Dying of the pois'nous wound.
- 3 But, with a believing eye,
If I can my Lord espy,
Hanging on the sacred pole,
I, e'en I, shall be made whole.
- 4 Give me now to find thee near,
Now as crucified appear :

Life is through thy wounds alone;
Mine to heal, display thy own.

162

C. M.

WATSON.

John iii. 14, 15.

- 1 So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high:
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying-hour,
And live!" the prophet cries!
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung!
High in the heavens he reigns!
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives:
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

163

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
"Let there be light," th' Almighty said;
And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

- 2 Condemned, a criminal I stood,
And awful justice asked my blood:
That welcome Saviour from thy throne
Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 3 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,
And lo, his grace hath made me clean:
He rescues from th' infernal foc,
And full redemption will bestow.
- 4 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue;
Ye angels, warble back my song;
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

164

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

"All in all."

- 1 Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine!
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my All in all thou art,
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;

The med'cine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown;

“ In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death—my All in all.

165

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY

The Saviour's praise.

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me,
 The Saviour of mankind;
 T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus! harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love!
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears;
 'Tis life and victory:
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole:
 See there my Lord upon the tree!
 I hear, I feel he died for me.
- 6 O unexampled love!
 O all-redeeming grace!
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known
 What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 7 O for a trumpet voice,
 On all the world to call!
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In Him who died for all!
 For all my Lord was crucified;
 For all, for all my Saviour died.

166

8,7.

ROBINSON,

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
 May a mortal lisp thy name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.

- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
- 4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain
Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour ;
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;
 Thence return, and reign for ever ;
 Be the kingdom all thine own.

167

7,7,8,7.

C. WESLEY.

Praise to Jesus.

- 1 Jesus, take all the glory :
 Thy meritorious passion
 The pardon bought, Thy mercy brought
 To us the great salvation.
 Thee gladly we acknowledge
 Our only Lord and Saviour,
 Thy name confess, Thy goodness bless,
 And triumph in thy favor.
- 2 With angels and archangels
 We prostrate fall before thee ;
 Again we raise Our souls in praise,
 And thankfully adore thee :
 Honor, and power, and blessing,
 To thee be ever given,
 By all who know Thy love below,
 And all our friends in heaven.

168

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xlv. 1-7.

- 1 My Saviour and my King,
 Thy beauties are divine ;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And every grace is thine.

- 2 Now make thy glories known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey ;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A scepter in thy hand.
- 5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

169

L. M.

WATTS

Rev. i. 5, 6.

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood :
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,

Be everlasting power confest—
Let every tongue his glory sing.

170

C. M.

WATTS.

Rev. v. 6-10.

- 1 Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne !
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around ;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.
- 3 *Those* are the prayers of all the saints,
And *these* the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid :
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
For ever, on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood ;
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God ;
And we shall reign with thee !

171

C. M.

WATTS.

Rev. v. 11-13

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

172

L. M.

WATTS.

Rev. v. 12-14.

- 1 What equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

- 3 Power and dominion are His due
 Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar :
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Though he was charged with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
 Yet he sustained amazing loss :
 To him ascribe eternal might,
 Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain :
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen !

173

7s.

LANGFORD.

Redeeming love.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme ;
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
 Banish all your guilty fears ;

See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string:
Mortals, join the host above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

174

C. M.

WATTS

Salvation.

1 Salvation, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

175

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;

His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

176

C. M.

WATTS.

Stupendous love.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told !

177

L. M.

[From the Latin of St. Bernard.]

Love which passeth knowledge.

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing :
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given !
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God :
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan !
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly :
 I drink, and yet am ever dry :
 Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
 Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

178

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

The mystery of love

- 1 God of unexampled grace,
 Redeemer of mankind,
 Matter of eternal praise
 We in thy passion find :
 Still our choicest strains we bring,
 Still the joyful theme pursue,
 Thee, the Friend of sinners, sing,
 Whose love is ever new.
- 2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
 With that mysterious tree,
 Crucified before our eyes,
 Where we our Maker see :
 Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done ?
 Publish we the death divine,
 Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
 Was never love like thine !
- 3 Never love nor sorrow was
 Like that my Jesus showed :
 See him stretched on yonder cross,
 And crushed beneath our load !
 Now discern the Deity,
 Now his heavenly birth declare !
 Faith cries out, " 'Tis He, 'tis He,
 My God that suffers there !"

179

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY

Concluded.

- 1 Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan:
Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes:
The great Jehovah dies!
- 2 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too:
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you.
- 3 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshipped as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heaven.

180

C. M.

WATTS.

"He conquered when he fell."

- 1 I sing my Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquered when he fell:

Tis finished ! said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell,

2 *'Tis finished !* our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done !
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise :
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed, to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns ;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

181

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Grace.

1 Grace ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to my ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days :
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

182

L. M.

WATTS.

The grace of Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue :
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace :
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star :
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands :
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace !—'tis a sweet, a charming theme :
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !

Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

- 6 O may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

183

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Name of Jesus.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ·
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

184

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"He is precious."

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath !
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

185

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Over all, God blessed for ever."

- 1 The day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity—
- 2 Who did for us his life resign :
There is no other God but one ;
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.
- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain !
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure !
The purchased Comforter impart !
Apply thy blood to make us pure—
To keep us pure in life and heart !
- 5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny !
Thy sovereign majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High.
- 6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

Jude 24, 25.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

187

S. M.

WATTS.

Happiness of Heaven. Psalm xlvii.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
 - 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
 - 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin!
There, from the river of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground

From faith and hope may grow
 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

188

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY

Intercession of Christ.

Rom. viii., 15. Heb. vii., 25.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead :
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry !
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :

His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,

189

6 lines 8's.

WATTS.

Praise offered to God. Psalm cxlvi.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
His truth for ever stands secure !
He saves th' oppress'd he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

190

7s.

WRANGHAM.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 Praise the Lord ; his glory bless
 Praise him in his holiness ;
 Praise him as the theme inspires ;
 Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
 Spread its loudest notes around ;
 Let the harp unite, in praise,
 With the sacred minstrel's lays.
- 3 Let the organ join to bless
 God, the Lord our Righteousness ;
 Tune your voice to spread the fame
 Of the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 All who dwell beneath his light,
 In his praise your hearts unite ;
 While the stream of song is poured
 Praise and magnify the Lord.

191

L. M.

C. WESLEY

The Living Redeemer.

- 1 "I know that my Redeemer lives ;"
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives :
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead—
 He lives, my ever-living Head !

- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead my cause above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to banish all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 4 He lives my kind and gracious friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 5 He lives and grants me daily breath;
He lives to conquer sin and death;
He lives my mansion to prepare—
He lives to bring me safely there.
- 6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

192

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise offered to God. Psalm cxvii.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sing;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name!
 In ev'ry land begin the song;
 To ev'ry land the strains belong:
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

193

Temptations.

- 1 Yield not to temptation.
 For yielding is sin,
 Each victory will help you
 Some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.
- CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
 He is willing to aid you,
 He will carry you through.
- 2 Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in rev'rence,
 Nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,

Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

194

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A knowledge of the Love of God in the soul.
Job xii. 25.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height,
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 3 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

195

S. M.

HAMMOND.

"Sing praises to God."

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Tell, in seraphic strains,
What he has done for you;
How he has taken off your chains,
And formed your hearts anew.
- 4 His faithfulness proclaim
While life to you is given:
Join hands and hearts to praise his name,
Till we all meet in heaven.

196

L. M.

MEDLEY.

Praise for Loving-kindness.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O! how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O! how great!

- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving-kindness, O ! how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving-kindness, O ! how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

197

C. M.

ADDISON.

An Act of Thanksgiving. Psalm lxxxix. 26-37.

- 1 When all the mercies of my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise ?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustains,
And all my wants redress'd ;

While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

198

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"Therefore with Angels"—

- 1 Lord and God of heavenly powers !
Theirs,—yet, O ! benignly ours ;
Glorious King ! let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy name.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine
Angels and archangels join :
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thine eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored !
Full of thee they ever cry,
“ Glory be to God most high ! ”

199

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Gloria in excelsis.

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou !
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !
- 6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood ;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou !
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one ;
One the Holy Ghost with thee ;
One supreme eternal THREE.

200

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 Let them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace ;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' united 'Three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word ;

'Tis he restores our ruined frame ;
Salvation to the Lord.

- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

201

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 Glory to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

202

C. P. M.

H. MORE.

The love of God.

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright, on high, its glories blaze ;

How sweetly bloom below !
 It streams from thine eternal throne ;
 Through heaven its joys forever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
 And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their gential drops distil ;
 In every vernal beam it glows,
 And breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
 In sweeter, fairer characters,
 And charms the ravished breast ;
 There, love immortal leaves the sky,
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
 And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
 With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
 And ardent gratitude ;
 And all my thoughts and passions tend
 To thee, my Father and my Friend,
 My soul's eternal good.

203

H. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Praise from Heaven and Earth.

1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's name ;
 His praise your songs employ
 Above the starry frame :
 Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
 Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

- 2 Let all adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last, | His firm decree
 From changes free ; | Stands ever fast.

204

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

- 1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
 But, O, what tongue can speak his fame,
 What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears ;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Almighty power, with wisdom, shines ;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.

205

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God for his Perfections and Providence.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord : my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine :

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints ; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

206

C. M.

BARLOW.

A Morning Offering.

1 Awake, my soul, to sound his praise ;
Awake, my harp, to sing ;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame ;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above,
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

207

C. M.

WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

- 1 I love the Lord : he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away :
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed
He bade my pains remove ;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

208

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise and holy Fear.

- 1 Come, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise :
God is a sovereign King : rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures by his word ;
He is our Shepherd : we, the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Come, let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near ;
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 5 Come, seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promised rest ;
Obey, and be forever blest.

209

C. M.

WATTS

Praise and holy Fear.

- 1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.
- 4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;

Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

210

L. M.

TATE & BRADY

Praise and Gratitude.

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

211

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 Arise, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

- 3 O for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then he his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Arise, and bless the Lord:
 The Lord your God adore;
 Arise, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth, forevermore.

212

H. M.

WATTS,

Exhortation to praise.

- 1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.
- | | | |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|
| Ye holy throng | | In worlds of light |
| Of angels bright, | | Begin the song. |
- 2 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command:
 He spake the word, | From nothing came
 And all their frame | To praise the Lord.
- 3 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;

He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love :
 While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
 Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

213

6s & 4s.

W. GOODE.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah's name ;
 Praise through his courts proclaim ;
 Rise and adore ;
 High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound his great acts of love,
 While his great grace we prove,
 Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Triumphant sounds of praise,
 Wide as his fame ;
 There let the harp be found ;
 Organs, with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise ye sing,
 Shake every sounding string :
 Sweet the accord !
 He vital breath bestows :
 Let every breath that flows
 His noblest fame disclose :
 Praise ye the Lord.

214

C. M.

WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

- 1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

215

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

- 1 God of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

216

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 3 Jehovah!—'tis a glorious word.
O, may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;

From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

217

C. M.

WATTS.

Worship of God in his Temple.

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 O Lord, our guilt and fears prevail ;
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face ;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

218

6s. & 4s.

SAC. LYRICS

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 Glory to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply ;

Praise ye his name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore :
And sing forever more,
“Worthy the Lamb.”

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name :
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,—
“Worthy the Lamb.”

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name ;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice
“Worthy the Lamb.”

4 Soon must we change our place ;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
“Worthy the Lamb.”

219

7s, 6L.

KELLY.

Glory to the King.

1 Glory, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath his head ;

Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,—
Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honor, praise and power,
Lord, be thine forevermore.

220

C. M.

STEELE.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

- 4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

221

C. M.

WATTS.

The Reign of Christ.

- 1 Let earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice; the Saviour reigns :
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise ;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made our Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth
And angels guard his throne.
- 4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire ;
His children take their upward flight
And leave the world on fire.
- 5 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

222

8s, 7s & 4.

KELLY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

- 1 Look, ye saints :—the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now ;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him ;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

223

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,

- If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell,
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

224

L. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

The Song of Heaven.

- 1 The countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm, on the ground of sovereign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm,—

- 4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
 To Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed
 Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

225

L. M.

WATTS.

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King;
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 But truth and mercy thy delight.
- 3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
 Let every age thy praises spread;
 Let all the nations know thy word,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

226

H. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 We give immortal praise
 For God the Father's love,—
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above:
 He sent his own | To die for sins
 Eternal Son | That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
 And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes | And fills the soul
 The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 The great and glorious One:
 Where Reason fails, | There Faith prevails,
 With all her powers, | And Love adores.

227

L. M.

WATTS.

God worthy of all Praise.

1 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
 Immortal honors to his name;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
 His wondrous goodness to proclaim.

- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

228

L. M.

WATTS.

The Hosanna of Children.

- 1 Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face ;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

229

7s.

SALISBURY COL.

Perfect Praise in Heaven.

- 1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored ;
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.

- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear,
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

230

6s & 4s.

DOBELL'S COL.

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;

Our prayer attend ;
Come, and thy people bless ;
Come, give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour ;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.
- 5 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

231

C. M.

WATTS

Triumph of Christ.

- 1 Hosanna to our conquering King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

232

C. M.

C. WESLEY

Praise to the Son.

- 1 O for a thousand seraph tongues
 To bless th' incarnate Word!
 O for a thousand thankful songs
 In honor of my Lord!
- 2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
 Ye angels round the throne;
 Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
 Adore th' eternal Son.

233

H. M.

DWIGHT.

God's Goodness and Truth.

- 1 Sing to the Lord most high;
 Let every land adore;
 With grateful voice make known
 His goodness and his power;
 With cheerful songs | And let his praise
 Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.
- 2 Enter his courts with joy;
 With fear address the Lord;
 He formed us with his hand,
 And quickened by his word;
 With wide command, | O'er every sea
 He spreads his sway | And every land.
- 3 His hands provide our food,
 And every blessing give;
 We feed upon his care,
 And in his pastures live:

With cheerful songs | And let his praise
 Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

234

8s & 7s.

FAWCETT

God of our Salvation.

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator ;
 Praise be thine from every tongue ;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
 Free, unbounded grace is thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation ;
 Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 There, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

235

L. M.

W 18

All Praise due to God.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

236

8s & 7s, peculiar.

KELLY.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

- 1 Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth :
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever ;
Thine an everlasting crown :

Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.

- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away :
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

237

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Hope of Heaven. Col. iii. 1-

- 1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heav'n :
 A country far from mortal sight ;
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heav'n prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day ;
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

- 3 O would he more of heav'n bestow !
And when the vessels break,
Our ransom'd spirits then shall go,
To grasp the God we seek :
In rapt'rous awe on him I'll gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

238

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Walking in the ways of Christ. Deut. v. 30-33.

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone :
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise
And bow before thy throne !
We in the kingdom of thy grace
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

239

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Acts i, 9.

- 1 The mighty Conqueror leaves the dead,—
Jesus the Lord ascends on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.”
- 4 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”
“ The Lord, that all our foes o’ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew
Jesus is the conqueror’s name.”
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”
- 6 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”
“ The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.”

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

240

8,8,8,8,8.

DRYDEN.

Veni Creator.

- 1 Creator, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.
- 4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow;
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

- 5 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name;
The Saviour, Son, be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

241

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The promised Comforter.

- 1 Jesus, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."
- 2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us, fulfil;
And give the spirit of thy grace
To teach us all thy perfect will.
- 3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.
- 4 That peace of God, that peace of thine
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin!
- 5 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee.

242

7,6,7,6,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

The gift of the Son.

- 1 Father of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not the living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.
- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glow our hearts to find thee near,
And swell to make thee room:
Present *with* us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and *in* us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

243

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Pentecost.

- 1 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given:
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

- 2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine:
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.
- 3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost and fill the place.

244 7,7,7,7,7,7. C. WESLEY.

The promise of the Father.

- 1 Father, glorify thy Son:
 Ans'ring his all-powerful prayer.
 Send that Intercessor down,
 Send that other Comforter.
 Whom believingly we claim.
 Whom we ask in Jesus' name.
- 2 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
 Good and faithful as thou art,
 Send the Comforter to dwell
 Every moment in our heart?
 Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
 Truth hath said it shall be so.

245 8,6,8,6,8,8. COTTERHILL.

Pentecost.

- 1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within ;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin :
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men ;
The fallen soul his temple makes ;
God's image stamps again :
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire :
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !

246

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Pentecost.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power !
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

247

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Interpreter. Before sermon.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove:
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost—for moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke—
Unlock the truth, thyself the key:
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love Divine.

248

C. M.

COWPER.

The Interpreter. After sermon.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

249

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The Interpreter. Before or after a sermon.

- 1 Spirit of truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with fire,
Our God from all eternity,
World without end, we worship thee.
- 2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,

The meaning of the written word
 Is by thy inspiration given:
 Thou only dost thyself explain
 The secret mind of God to man.

- 3 Come, then, divine Interpreter,
 The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
 And, taught by thee, we God revere,
 Him in three persons magnify;
 And still the Triune God adore,
 Who was, and is, for evermore.

250

S. M.

C. WESLEY,

Spirit of Faith.

- 1 Spirit of faith come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see
 Who did for every sinner die,
 Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our int'rest in his blood;
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God!"
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!

Spirit of faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of his name :
 The grace which all may find,
 The saying power, impart ;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

- 4 Inspire the living faith,
 Which whosoe'er receives,
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes ;—
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountain move,
 And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love.

251

C. M.

WATTS.

Witness and Seal.

- 1 Why should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven.
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blessed wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

252

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Witness of Adoption.

1 Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father, God!" how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe:
Thou know'st I "Abba, Father," cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

253

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

"The Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;

Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come, and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant:
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort, thou,
My treasure and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship now,
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live:
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

254

8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

His Work.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.
- 2 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue ?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor .
All, all my vileness may I feel.
- 3 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue !
Be anger to my soul unknown ;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone :
In love create thou all things new.
- 4 Let earth no more my heart divide ;
With Christ may I be crucified ;
To thee with my whole heart aspire :
Dead to the world and all its toys
Its idle pomp, and fading joys
Be thou alone my one desire !
- 5 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread ;
In battle cover thou my head,
Nor earth, nor hell, I then shall fear :
I then shall turn my steady face—

Want, pain, defy—enjoy disgrace—
Glory in dissolution near.

- 6 My will be swallowed up in thee!
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

255

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Work and Witness.

- 1 O come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love,
- 3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

256

7,6,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

"The God of all Comfort."

- 1 God of all consolation,
The Holy Ghost thou art ;
Thy secret inspiration
Hath told it to my heart :
The blessing I inherit,
Through Jesus' prayer bestowed.
The Comforter, the Spirit,
The true eternal God.
- 2 With God the Son and Saviour—
With God the Father one,
The tokens of his favor
Thou mak'st to sinners known ;
An antepast of heaven
Thou dost in me reveal,
Attest my sins forgiven,
And my salvation seal.
- 3 Th' indubitable witness
Of thy own Deity,
Thou giv'st my soul its fitness
Thy glorious face to see :
Thy comforts, gifts, and graces,
My largest thoughts transcend,
And challenge all my praises,
When faith in sight shall end.

257

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The Indwelling God.

- 1 I want the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind :

Of power, to conquer inbred sin ;
Of love to thee and all mankind ;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vig'rous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear ?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter :
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine !

3 O that the Comforter would come !
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire !
Attest that I am born again ;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain :
I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?—

5 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine ?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love Divine !
O shed within my heart abroad
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

258

S. M.

BEDDOME

His influences sought.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy Divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 O melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew!
- 3 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

259

C. M.

WATTS.

His quickenings implored.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

260

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Spirit invoked.

- 1 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.
- 2 O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

261

C. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Spirit's Power.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

262

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Reviving Spirit.

- 1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

263

S. M.

HART.

Sanctifying Influence.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Convince us all of sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

264

8s & 7s.

JAY.

Indwelling Spirit.

- 1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness ;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night :
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
- 2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove ;
Make our souls thy habitation ;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

The teaching Spirit.

- 1 Holy Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

Source of Life and Light.

- 1 Great Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

- 3 From death to life our spirits raise ;
Complete redemption bring ;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside ;
Exulting, then, we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

267

L. M.

BROWNE.

Our Guide.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ—the living way ;
Nor let us from his pastures stray ;—
- 4 Lead us to God,—our final rest,—
To be with him forever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there.

268

C. M.

BEDDOME

Invoked.

- 1 Celestial Dove, Come from above,
And guide me in thy ways:
My heart prepare For solemn prayer
And tune my lips to praise.
- 2 Open mine eyes, And make me wise,
My int'rest to discern:
From every sin, Without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.
- 3 Fly to my aid, When I'm afraid,
Or plunged in deep distress;
My foes subdue, And bring me through
This howling wilderness.

269

8s.

C. WESLEY.

His presence earnestly desired.

- 1 Come, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast!
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee,—

Fulfil the imperfect desire ;
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The sense of thy favor inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel !

- 3 If when I had put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly returned,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourned,—
 Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to suffer no more !
- 4 If now I lament after God,
 And gasp for a drop of thy love,
 If Jesus hath bought thee with blood
 For me to receive from above,—
 Come, heavenly Comforter, come !
 True Witness of mercy Divine,
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine !

270

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

His departure earnestly deprecated.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit ! stay !
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears ;
 And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years :

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved :
- 4 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate ;
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

271

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

His universal effusion.

- 1 O spirit of the living God !
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word :
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;

Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh;
The triumphs of the cross record:
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned through
thee!

272

7s.

REED.

The Sanctifier.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

273

C. M.

WATTS.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

- 1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

274

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God working in the Soul.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown :
The work to be performed is ours ;
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

- 3 'Tis he that works to will;
 'Tis he that works to do;
 The power by which we act is his,
 And his the glory too.
-

HOLY INSTITUTIONS.—THE CHURCH.

275

8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 How lovely are thy tents, O Lord!
 Where'er thou choosest to record
 Thy name, or place thy house of prayer.
 My soul outflies the angel choir,
 And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
 To meet thy special presence there.
- 2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given
 To dwell within that gate of heaven,
 And in thy house record thy praise
 Whose strength and confidence thou art,
 Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
 The way, the truth, the life of grace.
- 3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
 Drink comfort from the living well,
 That flows replenished from above;
 From strength to strength advancing here,
 Till all before their God appear,
 And each receives the crown of love.

- 4 Better a day thy courts within
Than thousands in the tents of sin :
How base the noblest pleasures there !
How great the weakest child of thine !
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are.
- 5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun :
He shall both grace and glory give ;
Unlimited his bounteous grant ;
No real good they e'er shall want—
All, all is theirs, who righteous live.
- 6 O Lord of hosts ! how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee !
He all thy promises shall gain :
The soul that on thy love is cast,
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with thee in glory reign.

276

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxv. 1-5.

- 1 The praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

- 3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
 And give him kind access to thee,—
 Give him a place within thy house,
 To taste thy love divinely free.
- 4 Soon shall the flocking nations run
 To Zion's hill, and own their Lord :
 The rising and the setting sun
 Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

277

7,6,7,6,7,7,6. '

C. WESLEY.

Psalm xlviii.

- 1 Great is our redeeming Lord,
 In power, and truth, and grace ;
 Him, by highest heaven adored,
 His Church on earth doth praise :
 In the city of our God,
 In his holy mount below,
 Publish, spread his name abroad,
 And all his greatness show.
- 2 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
 We in thy temple stay ;
 Here thy faithful love record,
 Thy saving power display :
 With thy name thy praise is known,
 Glorious thy perfections shine ;
 Earth's remotest bounds shall own
 Thy works are all Divine.
- 3 See the gospel Church secure,
 And founded on a rock ;
 All her promises are sure ;
 Her bulwarks who can shock ?

Count her every precious shrine :

Tell, to after ages, tell,

Fortified by power Divine,

The Church can never fail.

4 Sion's God is all our own,

Who on his love rely ;

We his pard'ning love have known,

And live to Christ, and die :

To the New Jerusalem

He our faithful guide shall be ;

Him we claim, and rest in him,

Through all eternity.

278

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxxiv. 1-7.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace :
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

279

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxxiv. 8-12.

- 1 Great God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin—
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Psalm xlv. 1-5.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Psalm xlv. 6-11.

- 1 Let Zion in her King rejoice,
Though Satan rage, and kingdoms rise :
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought ;
And Jacob's God is still our aid :
Behold the works his hand hath wrought !
What desolations he hath made !
- 3 From sea to sea, through all their shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame :
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name :
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,
Exalted over all the lands ;
I will be known and feared abroad :
For still my throne in Zion stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King !
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

282

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xcii. 12-15.

- 1 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand :
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blessed with thine influence from above :
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true :
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

283

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxxii.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day !"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road !
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice!
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

284

8,7.

NEWTON

Supplies of the Church.

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the Lord is near :
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

285

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Primitive Church.

- 1 Happy the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved ;
Joined, by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple foll'wers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude !
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.
- 4 O what an age of golden days !
O what a choice, peculiar race !
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God !
- 5 Where shall I wander now to find
Their true successors left behind ?
'The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minished from the sons of men.

286

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Continued.

- 1 Ye diff'rent sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.
- 2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a Church below.
- 3 The gates of hell shall not prevail;
The Church on earth can never fail:
Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all thy living stones!
- 4 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 5 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones:
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.
- 6 Join every soul that looks to thee
In bonds of perfect charity:
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *All in all* for ever live!

Continued.

- 1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,—
Unite, and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express!
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.
- 6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one!

288

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 O might my lot be cast with these ;
The least of Jesus' witnesses :
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet !
- 2 This only thing do I require :
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy Church to live ;—
- 3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below ;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 4 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 5 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard ; it shall be so :"
The word hath passed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

289

S. M.

BEDDOME.

The Church catholic.

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread :
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away :
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow
And every heart is love.

290

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Church militant.

- 1 Jesus, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad !
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power :
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne :
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,

And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

5 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight.

6 In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed ;
Armed with th' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

291

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

1 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-bespinkled bands :
The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
'Tis seized by violent hands.

2 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies !
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize !

3 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain
Yet O, disdain to fear.

4 "Courage !" your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew),
"Toil ye shall have ; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

- 5 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror :
 The world must sink beneath the hand
 Which arms us for the war.
- 6 This is the victory—
 Before our faith they fall :
 Jesus hath died for you and me ;
 Believe, and conquer all !

292

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Church militant.

- 1 Hark, how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound !
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;
 The powers of hell surround.
- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare :
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war !
- 3 See, on the mountain top,
 The standard of your God !
 In Jesus' name I lift it up,
 All stained with hallowed blood.
- 4 His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh :
 He bore the cross for all.
- 5 Go up with Christ your Head ;
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;

Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

- 6 All power to him is given :
He ever reigns the same :
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.
- 7 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes assail,
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the pow'rs of hell :
- 8 From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, fall'n from heav'n,
They rule the lower world.



THE CHURCH AND MINISTRY.

293

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalms lxxxvii.

- 1 God, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well ;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

- 3 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

294

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxxix. 15-18.

- 1 Blest are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

295

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Isaiah li. 9-11.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days, appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

- 3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
Their sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.
- 5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall
raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

296

11s.

ANON.

The Song of Triumph.

- 1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-
dued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;
They fled like chaff from the scourge that
pursued them;
How vain were their steeds and their
chariots of war!

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be:
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

297

S. M.

WATTS.

Isaiah lii. 7-10.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

298

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Divine Institution.

- 1 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang th' *apostles'* honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long-extended line.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While guarded by his potent hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn Churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

299

6,6,6,6,8,8.

DODDRIDGE

Isaiah lv. 10-12.

- 1 Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain :
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence Divine ;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend :
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend.
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.
- 4 Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise ;
The vocal grove shall sing the God
And every tree consenting nod.

300

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ambassadors for Christ.

- 1 God, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends ;

His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

301

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Isaiah xl. 1-5.

1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord,
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

302

S. M.

WATTS

Psalm xlviii. 10-14.

- 1 Far as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise:
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well—
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,

The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

- 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

303

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Zion's Watchmen.

- 1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego!
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

304

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Angels of the Church.

- 1 Draw near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;

Still in thy Church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear,
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word ;
Thou speakest to the Churches now ;
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

305

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Shepherds of the flock.

- 1 Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy Churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

306

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German.]

Laborers.

- 1 High on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.
- 2 He rests well pleased their toils to see ;
Beneath his easy yoke they move ;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.
- 3 See, where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear :
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.
- 4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands ;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pain
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.
- 5 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear :
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare !

307

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The minister's welcome.

- 1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;—
Come as a servant,—so *He* came,
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd ;—guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a watchman ;—take thy stand
Upon the tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an angel ;—hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher—sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

308

6,6,6,6,8,6.

DODDRIDGE

A savor of life or death.

- 1 Praise to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide !
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side :

Balmy and rich the odors rise,
And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live :
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive :
They breathe anew, and rise and sing—
Jesus, the Lord, their conqu'ring King.

3 But others scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh :
They turn away their face,
And faint, and fall, and die.
So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,
For O ! they fall to rise no more.

4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die,
A savor sweet to thee :
Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames of wrath Divine.

309

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The treasure in earthen vessels.

1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings !
Thy favors, how divine !
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare ;
How mean, when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share !

- 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay ;
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.
- 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives ;
Quickly they moulder back to earth—
Yet still thy gospel lives.
- 5 Such wonders power Divine effects ;
Such trophies God can raise ;
His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
His monuments of praise.

310

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The minister's theme.

- 1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky !
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear
The name to sinners giv'n ;
It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heav'n.
- 3 Jesus, the pris'ners fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace :

The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

- 5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, " Behold the Lamb ! "
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name !
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the Lamb ! "

311

C. M.

WATTS.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."
Romans i 16.

- 1 I'm not asham'd to own the Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

312

C. M.

Enlisting Soldiers. Rev. vi. 2.

- 1 Hark ! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers ;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers:

Their horses white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.
- 3 It sets my heart quite in flame
A soldier thus to be :
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
- 4 We want no cowards in our bands
That will their colors fly :
We call for valiant-hearted men
Who're not afraid to die.
- 5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear !
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
- 6 They follow their great General
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood
King Jesus is his name.
- 7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell ;
How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The great Immanuel !

313

L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

Prayer for the Minister ordained.

- 1 Lord, let thy presence now attend
Him whom we to thy grace commend;
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove,
Without the conduct of thy love.
- 2 They promise stands upon record,
To be with those who preach thy word;
Be with him, Lord! the work is thine;
Support him with thy strength divine.
- 3 In flame his zeal, enlarge his heart,
Courage and utterance impart;
His love be ardent, pure his aim,
The great salvation be his theme.
- 4 While thronging multitudes around
Hear from his lips the joyful sound,
The power exert, the gospel bless,
And crown his labors with success.
- 5 O, may his eyes with joy behold
Thy grace, as in the days of old;
May sinners tremble at thy word,
Believe, and turn unto the Lord.

314

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

- 1 Where shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin;
A brand plucked from eternal fire:

How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliv'rer's praise?

2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God!
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blessed with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favors prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No; though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

6 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languished for you the Son of God;
For you the Prince of glory died:

Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

315

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German of Winkler.]

Ministerial fidelity.

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high!
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Softens thy truth, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What, then, is he, whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shad'wing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

316

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry :
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise ?
- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 3 For this let me revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :
All hail reproach, and welcome pain ;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent ;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, thy name adored !
- 5 Give me thy strength, O God of power ;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be :
'Tis fixed ; I can do all through thee.

317

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Ministerial zeal.

- 1 Give me the faith which can remove,
And sink the mountain to a plain ;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again :

Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

- 2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pard'ning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.
- 3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 4 My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.
- 5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity Divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

318

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

For an efficient ministry.

- 1 Jesus, thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,

Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art:
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utt'rance give;
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.

6 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by the Spirit tell,
"He died for all, who died for me."

319

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

For an increase of laborers.

1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view:
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak the word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

320

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Opening Conference.

- 1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!
- 3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;

One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine!

321

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening Conference.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power Divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

- 2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

322

8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Opening Conference.

- 1 Our friendship sanctify and guide,
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim!
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
- 2 Witnesses of th' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above:
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.

- 3 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
 To labor in the gospel field,
 Our all let us delight to spend
 In gath'ring in thy lambs and sheep,
 Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

323

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before receiving appointments.

- 1 Jesus, the truth and power Divine,
 Send forth these messengers of thine;
 Their hands confirm, their hearts inspire,
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire.
- 2 Be thou their mouth and wisdom, Lord;
 Thou, by the hammer of thy word,
 The rocky hearts in pieces break,
 And bid the sons of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
 Give them to preach the word of grace,—
 Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
 And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
 Thy welcome messengers of peace,
 Thy power in their report be found,
 And let thy feet behind them sound.

324

L. M.

Christ's commission to preach the Gospel.

Matt. x, 7-16.

- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
 Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;

The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies,
With care bind up the broken heart
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let your heav'n taught conduct show,
That ye're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

325

L. M.

WATTS.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark xvi. 15-20.

1 "Go preach my gospel," saith th' Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
Explain to them my sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live.

2 "I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
pheme.

- 4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

326

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Closing Conference.

- 1 Jesus, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting, are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroyed
And shout above the fiery void.
- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips His praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.
- 7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven!
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.
- 8 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace;—
In perfect holiness renewed;
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God!

Closing Conference.

- 1 Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

328

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Closing Conference.

- 1 And let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.
- 5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That heaven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end!
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:—
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.
- 7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!

There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

10 Abrah'm and Isaac there,
And Jacob shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer
Who now in bodies live.

11 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.

12 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In doubtless triumph end.

329

C. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish in Immanuel's name,
Salvation through his blood.

- 2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death?
What though your faith and zeal to try
Perils beset your path? -
 - 3 Yet with determined courage, go,
And armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.
 - 4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering ear
Mountains shall sink to plains.
 - 5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that all your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.
-

BAPTISM.

330

C. M.

BEDDOME.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Matthew iii. 11.

- 1 Celestial Dove, descend from high,
And on the water brood:
Come, with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
The water and the blood.
- 2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal:

But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.

- 3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew :
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

331

L. M.

WATTS.

The commission.—For adults.

- 1 'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize ;"
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins ;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.
- 3 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.
- 4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord :
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record !

332

L. M.

JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,

And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

- 2 We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain
We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause.

333

S. M.

STAFFORD.

Christ a Fountain. Acts xxii. 16.

- 1 My Saviour's pierced side,
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 2 Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.
- 3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side!

334

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Adult.

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

- 2 We now thy promised presence claim :
 Sent to disciple all mankind—
 Sent to baptize into thy name—
 We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son—
 In these, for whom we seek thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art ;
 Effectuate now the sacred sign,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance Divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, come from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits thou !
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now !

335

S. M.

W. M. BUNTING.

Adult.

- 1 Rites change not, Lord, the heart,—
 Undo the evil done,—
 Or, with the uttered name, impart
 The nature of thy Son.
- 2 To meet our desp'rate want,
 There gushed a mystic flood :
 O from His heart's o'erflowing font
 Baptize this soul with blood !
- 3 Be grace from Christ our Lord,
 And love from God supreme,
 By the communing Spirit poured
 In a perpetual stream.

336

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Adult.

- 1 Baptized into thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to thee :
We only live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.
- 2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character Divine,
The *real* holiness !
Then, then receive us up t' adore
The Triune God for evermore.

337

C. M.

WATTS.

Infant.

- 1 How large the promise, how Divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed !
" I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given ;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

338

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Infant.

- 1 God of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
The child, baptized into thy name,
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thine image back.
- 2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex thy hall'wing Spirit's seal,
And let thy grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.
- 3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestowed,
Unto this favored child be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require:
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

339

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Infant.—Mark x. 13-16.

- 1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms :
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name :
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee :
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

340

C. M.

WATTS.

Infant.

- 1 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word ;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.
- 2 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace :
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

341

H. M.

FELLOWS.

The Holy Spirit sought.

- 1 Descend, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known :

Reveal our Saviour's love,
 And seal us for thine own :
 Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
 Our works are vain; | Acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Received the holy rite,
 In open view | And, dove-like, flew
 Thy form came down, | The King to crown.

3 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire:
 This ordinance is thine;
 Do thou our souls inspire.
 Thou wilt attend | "Till time shall end,"
 On all thy sons: | Thy promise runs.

342

8s, 7s & 4.

S. S. CUTTIN.

Christian Profession

1 Gracious Saviour, we adore thee;
 Purchased by thy precious blood.
 We present ourselves before thee,
 Now to walk the narrow road:
 Saviour, guide us—
 Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
 Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
 Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
 From the semblance of the grave:
 May we follow
 In the same delightful way.

343

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Spiritual blessing desired.

- 1 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.
- 2 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the bride invite.

344

C. M.

ANON.

Baptismal Vows.

- 1 Lord, I am thine, and in thine aid
I place my firmest trust:
How large the price thy love has paid
For vile, polluted dust!
- 2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.
- 3 I stand before the sacred font,
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!
- 4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
Support me all my days;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

345

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The institution.

- 1 In that sad, memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite,
He took, and blessed, and brake the bread,
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent expressed :
- 2 "Take, eat, this is my body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ;
Do this my dying love to show :
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my Friends, remember me."
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And full of kind concern looked up,
And gave to them what he had blessed :
"And drink ye all of this," he said,
In solemn mem'ry of the dead.
- 4 This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace—
My blood so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race—
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven.

346

C. M.

HART.

The institution.

- 1 That doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me, he died for me!"
- 3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee.
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb!"
The Lamb that died for me!

347

10,5,11.

C. WESLEY.

Perpetual memorial.

- 1 Lord, didst thou ordain Thy supper in vain,
And furnish a feast,
For none but thy earliest servants to taste?
Nay, this is thy will, We know it and feel
That *we* should partake
The banquet for all thou so freely didst make.

- 2 Bring near the glad day When all shall obey
Thy dying request,
And eat of thy supper, and lean on thy breast!
Then, then let us see Thy glory, and be
Caught up in the air
This heavenly supper in heaven to share.

348

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The table prepared.

- 1 My God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know!
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

349

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The invitation.

- 1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready : come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

350

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Lord's Supper. Matt. xxvi. 26-28.

- 1 Let all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
Our Passover was slain,
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast

Our ev'ry want supplies,
 And still we by his death are blest,
 And share his sacrifice;
 By faith his flesh we eat,
 Who here his passion show,
 And God, out of his holy seat,
 Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ

His suff'rings to record,
 E'n now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord;
 As though we ev'ry one
 Beneath his cross had stood,
 And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
 And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finish'd now!

The mortal pang is past:
 By faith his head we see him bow,
 And hear him breathe his last.
 We too with him are dead,
 And shall with him arise,
 The cross on which he bows his head
 Shall lift us to the skies.

351

7's

Christ sheweth his power. Isaiah lviii. 1-6.

- 1 Who is this that comes from far,
 Clad in garments dipt in blood,
 Strong, triumphant traveller—
 Is he man, or is he God?

- 2 "I, that speak in righteousness,
Son of God and man I am,
Mighty to redeem your race:
Jesus, is your Saviour's name."
- 3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dyed as in a crimson sea?
They that in a wine-vat tread
Are not stain'd so much as thee.
- 4 "I, the Father's fav'rite Son,
Have the dreadful wine-press trod:
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God."

352

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Approaching the table.

- 1 Jesus, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.
- 2 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!
- 3 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
- 4 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

353

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Partaking of the Lord's Supper. Luke xxi. 19-20.

- 1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet thee, Lord.
- 2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.
- 3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

354

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Communion with Christ.

- 1 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy foll'wers here.
- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

- 4 All the power of sin remove ;
 Fill us with thy perfect love ;
 Stamp us with the stamp Divine ;
 Seal our souls for ever thine.

355

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

Calvary.

- 1 Lamb of God, whose dying love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And every struggling soul release !
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray ;
 By thy dying love to man,—
 Take all our sins away ;
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !
- 3 Never will we hence depart,
 Till thou our wants relieve ;
 Write forgiveness on our heart,
 And all thine image give :
 Still our souls shall cry to thee,
 Till perfected in holiness :
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

Remembering Christ.

- 1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

357

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Passion realized.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give,
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
- 2 Spectators of the pangs Divine
O that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred sign
His passion on the tree!
- 3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.
- 4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry,
In every heart so loud,
That every heart may now reply,
"This was the Son of God!"

358

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Victim Divine.

- 1 Victim Divine! thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious death we show;
Once offered up a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.
- 2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain:

The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All-prevalent for helpless man :
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darkened the sun and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And showed the great Invisible :
Well pleased in thee our God looked down,
And called his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy sacrifice,
Its savor sweet doth always please ;
The off'ring smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace :
To these thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here.

359

C. M.

NOEL.

"This do in remembrance of me."

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh ;—

- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
“Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

360

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Closing the service.

- 1 O what a taste is this
Which now in Christ we know,
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!
- 2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads
And own that God is here.
- 3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts adore:
- 4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,

And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

361

7s.

CONDER.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

- 1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

362

L. M.

WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes,—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!—

- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate ;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

363

L. M.

RELIEF HYMNS.

Lord's Supper established. 1 Cor. 11, 25.

- 1 'Twas on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe—
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread :
- 2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke :
- 3 "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live ;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view."
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised ;

While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

5 "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 "With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught ;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In memory of my dying hour."

364

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

My flesh is meat indeed. John 6, 53-55.

1 Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine :
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies ;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow :
O, what delightful food !
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

4 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine ;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

- 5 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all:
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

365

S. M.

WATTS.

Communion with Christ and with Saints.

- 1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food He gives His flesh:
He bids us drink His blood;
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our descending God.
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one:
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:

Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

366

L. M.

ASHWELL.

"It is finished."

- 1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "'Tis finished!"—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'Tis finished!"—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet, our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'Tis finished!"—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and
sky.

367

C. M.

NEWTON.

Looking to the Cross.

- 1 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.

- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain—
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
“ I freely all forgive :
“ This blood is for thy ransom paid,
“ I die that thou may'st live.”
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
-

WEDDINGS.

368

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

A Wedding Hymn. Gen. xxiv. 17. John ii. 1, 2

- 1 Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast ;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands!
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each their share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca, give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

369 L. M.

Family Religion. Psalm lv. 17.

- 1 Father of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace!

From thee they spring; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still, sustain'd.

- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,
And sanctify our humblest home.
- 3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 So may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

370 4 8's & 2 6's. C. WESLEY.

Duty of a Master to his Family. Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 I and my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconciled,
A follower of my God :
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive :
Work in me both to will and do :
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
And lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name
Which saves from sin, the world and hell
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner, sav'd myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiv'n ;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness,
Conduct them all to heav'n.

371

7,6,7,6.

HEBER.*At a Wedding.*

- 1 O God of pure affection !
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board ;

May such thy bounties ever
 To wedded love be shown,
 And no rude hand dis sever
 Whom thou hast linked in one.

372

8 & 7.

SICILIAN

A Marriage Hymn.

- 1 Come, thou condescending Jesus!
 Thou hast blest a marriage feast;
 Come, and with thy presence bless us;
 Deign to be an honor'd guest.
- 2 Once at Cana's happy village,
 Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
 Though unseen, may thy blest image
 Be inscrib'd on ev'ry heart.
- 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
 On the happy pair to rest;
 May thy goodness, never ceasing,
 Make them now and ever blest.
- 4 Thou canst change the course of nature
 Turning water into wine;
 But we ask a greater favor—
 May they be for ever thine.
- 5 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
 Thine by free and sovereign grace;
 May they, in each word and action,
 Do thy will and speak thy praise.
- 6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
 Fill their basket and their store;

Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

7 Often from their happy dwelling
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest *Friend*.

8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick and dangers nigh ;
Oh may constant, pure devotion
Guide them safe to realms on high.

9 When by death's cold hand divided,
Which dissolves the tenderest ties ;
By thy grace again united,
May they in thy image rise.

10 Come, thou condescending Jesus,
Fill our hearts with songs of praise ;
Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Make us subjects of thy grace.

THE SABBATH.

373

C. M.

Christ's Resurrection. Psalm cxviii. 24.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

374

S. M.

WATTS

Opening morning service.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise :
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

375

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening service.

- 1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

376

7,7,7,7,7,7.

NEWTON

Opening morning service.

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

377

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

Opening morning service.

1 Another six days' work is done ;
Another sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

378

6,6,6,6,8,8.

HEYWARD.

Opening morning service.

- 1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return!
Lord, make these moments blest.
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face.
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,

And bless the sacred hours :
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath be indulged in vain.

379

8,8,8,8,8,8.

STEEL.

Opening service.

- 1 Great God, this hallowed day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers,
May we employ in works divine
These solemn and devoted hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly !
Where God resides, appear no more :
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore :
O may thy grace our thoughts refine,
And fix our hearts on things Divine!

380

6,6,6,6,8,8.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires, To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay

Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet !
- 4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door Than shine in courts.

381

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xcii.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Then I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

382

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Rev. i. 10.

1 May I throughout this day of thine
 Be in thy Spirit, Lord:
 Spirit of humble fear divine,
 That trembles at thy word;—

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
 And fix on things above;
 Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
 Of holiness and love.

383

L. M.

WATTS

In the sanctuary.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire:
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.

- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

384

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The eternal Sabbath.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.
-

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

385

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The hearty welcome.

- 1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

386

C. M.

STEEL.

And yet there is room.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
 He calls, he bids you come:
 O stay not back, though fear alarms!
 For yet there still is room.
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above!
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
 Approach, there yet is room.

387

8,7,8,7,4,7.

HART*The invitation.*

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Isaiah iv. 1-3.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean, join;
Salvation, in abundance, flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

389

10,10,11,11,

C. WESLEY.

Jesus recommended.

- 1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind:
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The vilest offender May turn and find grace.
- 2 The mercy I feel, To others I show;
I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favor who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for all.
- 3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came;
Come sinners, and trust In Jesus' name!
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"
- 4 O let me commend My Saviour to you;
The publican's Friend, And Advocate too:
For you he is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding For sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit His grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven For Jesus' sake:
Our title to heaven, His merits, we take

390

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The year of Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

391

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The gospel supper.

- 1 Sinners, obey the gospel word !
Haste to the supper of my Lord :
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready ; come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son :
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now your hardness to remove ;
'T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive ! the lost is found !"

392

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Come, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restored ;

His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace :

- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress ;
Th' unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me !"
- 5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

393

S. M.

WATTS

Isaiah xlv. 21-25.

- 1 The Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne :
" Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.
- 2 " Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look, from the borders of the pit,
To my recov'ring grace."

- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, the Lord, alone."
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven :
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

394

S. M.

WATTS.

Invitation and warning.

- 1 The Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands ;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

395

11,10,11,10.

MOORE.

Come, ye disconsolate.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, and at God's altar fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure.
- 3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us—
What charm for aching hearts *he* can re-
veal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

396

C. M.

E. JONES.

Come to Jesus.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose :

- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace :
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray
And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away I know
I must for ever die.
- 7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

397

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The chief of sinners invited.

- 1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain ;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood ;
And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore ;

Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven:
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in Him who died for thee,
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

398

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The universal invitation.

1 See, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apostate race
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions, prove,
His life and death—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home;
He all day long spreads out his hands:
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in his breast;
Believe, and he will give you rest.

- 4 “ Ah ! do not of my goodness doubt,
My saving grace for all is free ;
I will in nowise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me :
I can to none myself deny ;
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ? ”

399

C. M.

STEEL

The free invitation.

- 1 The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss, impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain ;
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts !
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts ;
And drink, and never die.

400

C. M.

WATTS.

The free invitation.

- 1 Jesus, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak :
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share :
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come ;
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

401

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Acts xvii. 30, 31.

- 1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay ;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 The summons goes through all the earth,
Let earth attend and fear :
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

- 3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Accept the offered Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with the grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar;
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.

402

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY

The universal invitation.

- 1 Sinners, believe the gospel word,
 Jesus is come your souls to save!
 Jesus is come, your common Lord;
 Pardon ye all through him may have,—
 May now be saved, whoever will:
 This man receiveth sinners still.
- 2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
 The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
 Flock to the Friend of human kind,
 And freely all accept their cure!
 To whom did he his help deny?
 Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?
- 3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
 The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
 Did he not all their sickness heal,
 And satisfy their every need?
 Did he reject his helpless clay,
 Or send them sorrowful away?

- 4 Nay, but his bowels yearned to see
The people hungry, scattered, faint,
Nay, but he uttered over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flowed.

403

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Isaiah lv. 1-3.

- 1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife:
 Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
 I have the words of endless life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food;
 The sweetness of my mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodness prove;
 My promises for all are free:
 Come, taste the manna of my love,
 And let your souls delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believably receive;
 Quickened your souls by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.

404

10,10,11,11.

C. WESLEY.

"This man receiveth sinners."

1 Ye neighbors and friends, To Jesus draw
 near;
 His love condescends, By titles so dear,
 To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
 And freely delight you In Jesus' love.

2 The blind are restored Through Jesus' name;
 They see their dear Lord, And follow the
 Lamb;
 The halt—they are walking, And running
 their race;
 The dumb—they are talking Of Jesus' grace.

- 3 The deaf hear his voice, And comforting
word;
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord:
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their
heart.
- 4 The lepers from all Their spots are made
clean;
The dead by his call Are raised from their
sin;
In Jesus' compassion The sick find a cure;
And gospel-salvation Is preached to the poor.
- 5 O Jesus, ride on, Till all are subdued;
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy
blood;
Display thy salvation, And teach the new
song
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

405

7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

Fly to Jesus.

- 1 Weary souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;

Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given ;
Ye may now be happy too ;
Find on earth the life of heaven :
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed ;
God's primeval promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind.
Blessed in Christ this moment be,
Blessed to all eternity !

406

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before an awakening sermon.

1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of the word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn !
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day :
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

- 4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release:
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impov'rish Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor:
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load:
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our des'prate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven:
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

407

C. M.

C. WESLEY

Before evening sermon.

- 1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee;

A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?

- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain ;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, " What must be done
To save a wretch like me ?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery ?
- 7 " I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake :
- 8 " I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee ;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity ! "

408

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before an inviting sermon.

- 1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessings we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power ;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls ! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear !
- 4 Appear, as when of old confessed,
The suff'ring Son of God ;
And let them see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipped in blood.
- 5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died ;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 6 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree
To trample down their sin ;
Thy hands stretched out they all may see,
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
" I suffer'd this for you ! "

409

C. M.

WATTS.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

- 1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :
“ Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 “ They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sin released,
They’re freed from every snare.
- 3 “ Far from this world of toil and strife,
They’re present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.”

410

C. M.

GIBBONS

Eccles. xii. 1

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature’s smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—
Remember thy Creator now ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.
- 2 He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life’s uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of blest eternity.
Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose

The path of heavenly truth :
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

411

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before an inviting sermon.

- 1 Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see ;
To thee, in their behalf, we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have ;
Nor fold nor place of refuge near ;
For no man cares their souls to save,
- 3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught ;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh :
They perish whom thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize ?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans :
The need of all thy suff'rings these :
O claim them for thy ransomed ones !
- 5 Still let the publicans draw near :
Open the door of faith and heaven ;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

412

10's & 11's.

Thirsting for God. John vii. 37, 38.

- 1 O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near,
He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out his
hands:
Now, now, to receive you, he graciously
stands.
- 2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my spirit, (excepted is none,)
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall, in the believer, spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God, and my Lord! thy call I obey,
My soul on thy word of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
I thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.
- 5 O, hasten the hour, send down from above
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love;
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom, of prayer, of joy, and of praise:
- 6 The spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to
God;
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin
And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

413

L. M.

WATTS.

The Power of Truth.

- 1 This is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind—
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised; and clothed afresh
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

414

C. M.

COWPER.

Before preaching to the young.

- 1 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 2 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

- 3 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made ;
O join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed ;
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach :
You cannot be to young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

415

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Before preaching to the young.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 " The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee ?

What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

416

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before an inviting sermon.

- 1 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour.
- 2 Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume;
But let them take the proffered grace,
And flee the wrath to come.
- 3 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
All goodness as thou art,
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
On every stony heart.
- 4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

- 6 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands
And bids you turn and live.
- 7 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface:
E'en now he waits the blood t' apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace!
- 8 Be saved from hell, from sin, and fear:
He speaks you now forgiven:
Walk with your God, be perfect here,
And then come up to heaven.

417

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Gospel liberty proclaimed. Isaiah lii. 1-15.

- 1 Awake, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;

Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

418

S. M.

EPIS. COL

The Spirit inviting

- 1 The spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come ;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come :"
Lord, even so ; we wait thy hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come.

419

L. M. 6 L.

EPIS. COL

The Gospel adapted to give Peace and Rest.

- 1 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe ;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed
Unburden here thy weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God :
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word !
Forever love and praise the Lord.

420

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Worth of the soul.

- 1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round ?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found :
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife :
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son :
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood Divine,
To ransom every soul of man :
That price was paid for mine.

- 5 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 6 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain ;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

421

L. M.

GRIGG.

Revelation iii. 20.

- 1 Behold a Stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long—is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands :
O matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will he prove a Friend indeed ?
He will : the very Friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn ;
His feet departed, ne'er return ;

Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

422

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Revelation iii. 20.

- 1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise :
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart :
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin ;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

423

L. M.

COLLYER.

"Return unto me."

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return !
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn ;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

424

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Romans ii. 4, 5.

- 1 Ungrateful sinners, whence this scorn
Of long-extended grace ?
And whence this madness, that insults
Th' Almighty to his face ?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply audacious crimes,
And spurn his richest love ?
- 3 Is all the treasured wrath so small,
You labor still for more,
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust the store ?
- 4 Swift doth the day of vengeance come,
Which must your sentence seal ;

And righteous judgment, now unknown
In all its pomp reveal.

- 5 Alarmed and melted at thy voice,
Our conquered hearts would bow ;
And to escape the Thunderer then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

425

8 lines 7's.

C. WESLEY.

*Exhorting to turn to God. Why will ye die ?
O house of Israel ! Ezek. xviii. 31.*

- 1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live :
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands ;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will ye cross his love and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
Will ye slight his grace and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love :

Will you not the grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

426

8 lines 7's.

C. WESLEY.

Continued.

- 1 Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life Divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirits downward go;
Ye for higher ends were born;
Ye may all to God return;
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will ye for ever die?
- 2 Ye on whom he favors showers,
Ye, possessed of nobler powers;
Ye, of reason's powers possessed;
Ye, with will and mem'ry blessed;
Ye, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God:
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will ye for ever die?
- 3 Ye who own his record true;
Ye, his chosen people too;
Ye, who call the Saviour, Lord;
Ye, who read his written word;
Ye, who see the gospel light;
Claim a crown in Jesus' right:
Why will ye, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

427

8 lines 7's.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you ?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood ?
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite ?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, while God is near ;
Dare not think him insincere :
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands ;
Cries, " Ye will not happy be ;
No, ye will not come to me,—
Me, who life to none deny :
Why will ye resolve to die ? "
- 3 Can ye doubt if God is love ?
If to all his bowels move ?
Will ye not his *word* receive ?
Will ye not his *OATH* believe ?
See, the suff'ring God appears ;
Jesus weeps : believe his tears !
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
" Why will ye resolve to die ? "

428

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Urgent appeal.

- 1 Sinners, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;

He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell :
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace :
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will Divine.

429

L. M.

DWIGHT.

"Now is the accepted time."

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blessed the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

430

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"Now is the day of salvation."

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O ! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O ! be it still pursued,

Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

431

8,7,8,7,4,7.

GOODR.

Psalm l. 16, 17, 20, 21.

- 1 Why, O sinner, me profaning,
Why, says God, my statutes name?
Why, my cov'nant grace disdaining,
Still my cov'nant grace proclaim?
Hating counsel;
All my laws exposed to shame.
- 2 Long in silence I have waited,
Long thy guilt in secret grown;
Till thy heart, with pride elated,
Thought my counsels like thy own:
I'll reprove thee,
Till thy crimes exact are known.
- 3 Sinners, hear Jehovah speaking!
Ye who, thoughtless, God despise!
Hear, lest, in his wrath awaking,
Vengeance rend you as it flies;
None can save you,
If his arm to judgment rise.

432

S. M.

DODDRIDGE

The warning.

- 1 And will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?—
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the millions of the damned
Spread black despair around ?—
- 3 “ Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came.”
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

433

7s.

T. SCOTT.

"Escape for thy life."

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise :
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore :
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return :
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest :
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

434

8,7,8,7,4,7.

NEWTON.

"Prepare to meet thy God."

- 1 Day of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine ! .

You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !

- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,—
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?

435

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Grieving for the transgressors.

- 1 Arise, my tend'rest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame :
See scandals poured on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

436

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before preaching to formalists.

- 1 The men who slight thy faithful word,
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And heathens all beside !
- 2 The temple of the Lord are these,
The only Church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew !
- 3 O wouldst thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief ;
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief !
- 4 The formalists confound, convert,
And to thy people join ;
And break, and fill the broken heart
With confidence divine !
-

PENITENTIAL.

437

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Embracing offered mercy.

- 1 O my offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee :
- 2 If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep—
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.
- 3 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim :
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live ;
And lo ! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.

438

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Self-despair.

- 1 Lord, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin, but cannot feel,—
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give :
Thy gifts I only can receive ;

Here, then, to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.

- 3 With simple faith on thee I call ;
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure ;
Make my infected nature pure :
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart !

439

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

“Heal my soul.”

- 1 O thou, whom once they flocked to hear !
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel ;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.
- 2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have ;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And ask thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Thy power, and truth, and love Divine,
The same from age to age endure :
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet’rate plague can cure.
- 4 Helpless, howe’er, my spirit lies,
And long hath languished at the pool .
A word of thine shall make it rise,
Shall speak me in a moment whole.

440

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Miracles of grace.

- 1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders showed.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat :
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear :
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise ;
But, O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found :
Give, and my strength employ ;

Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within :
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin ;

9 But thou, they say, art passing by :
O let me find thee near !
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear !

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light :
Command me to be brought, and say,
“ Sinner, receive thy sight ! ”

441

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Urgent pleadings.

1 O that thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down ;
Thine arm omnipotent extend,
And seize me for thine own !

2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe :
My sins o’erturn, o’erturn, o’erturn,
And make the mountains flow !

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will ;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

- 4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.
- 5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.
- 8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy fav'rite Jesus' name.
- 9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

442

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The good Physician.

- 1 Jesus, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;

Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words, and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have,
The good, the kind Physician thou,
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou wilt make it whole.
- 6 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

443**C. M.**

The Prodigal Son. Luke xv. 11-32.

- 1 Behold the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

- 2 " I die with hunger here, (he cries,)
I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 " I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face:
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace!"
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kiss'd his son,
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.
- 6 " Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The father gives command,)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 " A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

444

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Vehement desires.

- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,—

Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire:
Made ready in thy powerful day,
The fulness I require.

4 My v'herent soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

445

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for faith.

1 With glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love!
And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,
The streaming blood Divine?
- 4 Before my eyes of faith confessed,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
- 5 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.
- 6 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

446

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Reverence. 1 Corinthians i. 30, 31.

- 1 The voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice I long to hear;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!
- 2 Asham'd I must forever be,
Asham'd the God of love to see,

If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze.

447

6 lines 8's.

Prayer for Conversion. 1 Timothy, i. 15.

- 1 Lay to thy hand, O God of grace !
O God, thy work is worthy thee ;
See at thy feet, of all the race,
The chief, the vilest sinner see ;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.
- 2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean,
Shall strangely be brought out of me
My Ethiop soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity :
I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesus' name.
- 3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore ;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And born of God, I sin no more ;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

448

C. M.

WATTS.

"Help thou my unbelief."

- 1 How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word :
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 O help my unbelief !
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly :
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thy arms I fall :
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my all.

449

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for faith.

- 1 Author of faith, to thee I cry,—
 To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
 But know the truth and live :
 Open mine eyes to see thy face,
 Work in my heart the saving grace,
 The life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till thou the veil remove ;
 The gift unspeakable impart,

And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

- 3 I know the grace is only thine,
The gift of faith is all Divine ;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for ALL.

Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find ;
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have ;
Thou canst, thou wouldst this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

- 5 Be it according to thy word ;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord ;
Let what I ask be given :
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven !

450

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for faith.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death !

- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies!
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face;
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

451

C. M.

C. WESLEY

Concluded.

- 1 While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give:
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.
- 2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!
- 3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit:

Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey.

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor, I am ;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesus' name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man :
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain :
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love.

452

C. M.

WATTS.

Surrendering at the Cross.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do.

453

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for faith.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ, the just,
My friend and advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who lived and died for me!

But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

- 2 If, drawn by the alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face ;
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy coëternal Son, display,
And speak my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart :
Command the light of faith to shine,
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life Divine :
Now bid the new creation be ;
O God, let there be faith in me !

454

C. M.

NEWTON.

The effort.

- 1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh :
Thou call'st the burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died,
- 5 O, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.
- 6 "Poor temptest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive :"—
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

455

L. M.

CENNICK.

"I am the way."

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not :
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;

Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

456

7,6.

BEDFORD.

Mourners comforted.

1 Drooping souls, no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious:
 If on Jesus you believe,
 You will find him precious.
 See, he now is passing by,
 Calling mourners to him:
 Drooping souls, you need not die—
 Now look up and view him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden:
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Though your sins like mountains high
 Rise, and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

- 3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
All his saints adore him :
He to save the dying came,—
Prostrate bow before him :
Wandering sinners, now return :
Contrite souls, believe him :
Jesus calls you : cease to mourn :
Worship him : receive him.
- 4 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O the wondrous story :
I was lost but now I'm found,
Glory ! glory ! glory !
Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him :
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

457

S. M.

AYLESBURY.

Hope from the Gospel only.

- 1 God's holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Burden with guilt—with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works, which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood :
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

- 4 High lifted on the cross
The spotless victim dies:—
This is salvation's only source—
Hence all our hopes arise,

458

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

"Thy blood was shed for me."

- 1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of sin, alas ! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye ;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art and wilt forever be :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name ;
My all is sin and misery :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 4 Saviour, from thy wounded side
 I never will depart;
 Here will I my spirit hide,
 When I am pure in heart:
 Till my place above I claim,
 This only shall be all my plea:
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb
 Thy blood was shed for me.

459

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Micah vi. 6-8.

- 1 Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
 And bow myself before thy face?
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
 Will multiplied oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favors buy?
 Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
 Must take the path thyself hath showed:
 Justice pursue, and mercy love,
 And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
 Present for past can ne'er atone:

Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast;
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died!

460

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

1 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head;
'Tis finished! he hath died for me!

2 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

3 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen, to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

461

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Refuge in Christ.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

462

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Looking at the Cross.

- 1 O thou who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,—
On thee whom we have slain,—
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed thy sacred pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfixed on Calvary !
To know thee who thou art,
The one eternal God and true ;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity Divine,
That suffered in my stead !
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes.
And bowed that sacred head.
- 4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.
- ! Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify !
And lo ! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die !

463

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The plea.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry :
And show thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.
- 2 From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release,
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.
- 3 Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow ;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.
- 4 That thou canst here forgive
Grant me to testify ;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

464

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

The plea.

- Let the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness ;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace :
Other title I disclaim ;
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream :
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him ;
Meanest foll'wer of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found,
Unwatered still and dry ;
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky ;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live ;
I shall feel thy death applied ;
I shall thy life receive ;
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Subdued by the Cross.

- 1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear ;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
“I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou may'st live.”
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

466

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY,

Panting for the love of God.

- 1 O love Divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that, with humble Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove,
Thou know'st, for all to thee is known,
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could with favored John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest !

- 7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above :
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

467

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

For acceptance in the Beloved.

- 1 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word ;
We worship toward that holy place
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living temple of thy Son.
- 2 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple filled with light divine ;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry ?
- 3 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesus' name I pray !
And still we cry and wrestle on
Till mercy take our sins away :
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

468

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

For the witnessing Spirit.

- 1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward Witness live,
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?
- 5 What'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,—
Or sin, or righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display:
My heart of unbelief convince,

And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

- 6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art :
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart !

469

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
My sin and misery declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there ;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man who died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know-

- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with God-man prevail!
- 6 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint, to revive—and fall, to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand;
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

470

8,8,8,8,8,8,

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art:

To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

471

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider. His retrospect.

1 O that I were as heretofore!
When, warm in my first love,

I only lived my God t'adore,
And seek the things above'

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace ;
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveiled his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode ;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talked with God.

4 Where am I now ? from what a height
Of happiness cast down !
The glory swallowed up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 Through the wide world of sin and woe,
A banished man, I roam ;
But cannot find my rest below,
But cannot wander home.

6 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain !
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden how regain ?

472

C. M.

STENNITT.

The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.

- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee, bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet, quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.
- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me;
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

473

C. M.

WATTS.

that I knew where I might find him." Job xxiii.
3. *Sins and Sorrows laid before God.*

- 1 O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise ;
 What sorrows I sustain ;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God ;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones ;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish ev'ry fear ;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

474

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's misery.

- 1 Wretch that I am ! from God I've strayed,
 Have most rebellious been,—
 Of faith a dreadful shipwreck made,
 And added sin to sin.
- 2 Vilest of all th' apostate race,
 I have his love withstood ;
 And sinned against his pard'ning grace,
 And trampled on his blood.
- 3 More desp'rate is my damned estate,
 And more enslaved I am,

Than when I by the flesh-pots sat,
And wallowed in my shame.

4 What shall I do? by guilt oppressed,
Shall I in Egypt dwell?
Alas! in sinning to seek rest,
Is to seek rest in hell.

5 The grace I have abused, alone
Can help and comfort give:
O Jesus, hear my dying groan,
And bid the sinner live!

475

C. M.

WATTS.

Waiting for the blessing.

1 Father, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

476

C. M.

DEVOTE.

Before private prayer. Matthew vi. 6.

1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

- 2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
Thy spirit of love and pow'r;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will;
As angels do in heaven.
- 6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.
- 7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

477

7,7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

- 1 Saviour, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;

Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften now this heart of stone !
Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;
Cast a look, and break my heart !

- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All mine inmost sins reveal ;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel ;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilled again thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Make me restless to return ;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn ;
Till I say, by grace restored,
" Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord."
- 4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican distressed ;
Stand, not daring to draw near ;
Smite on my unworthy breast ;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
" God be merciful to me !"
- 5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale :
Show me the atoning blood
When my strength and spirits fail :
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

478

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

- 1 O that I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart.
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

479

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

- 1 O that I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice omnipotent,
The rock in sunder cleave:
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
 The double grace bestow :
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go :
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove :
 Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pard'ning love.

3 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be ;
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee :
 O might I now embrace
 Thy all-sufficient power !
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more !

480

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

1 O for that tenderness of heart
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembling at thy word !
 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow ;
 That consciousness of guilt which fears
 The long-suspended blow !

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
 The sensible distress ;
 The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
 And bid me die in peace :

Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
 Before the evil come;
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

481

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

- 1 Father of lights, from whom proceeds
 What'er thy every creature needs,—
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry,—
 To thee I look, my heart prepare;
 Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since, by thy light, myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey
 Preventing what my lips would say:
 Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
 And ere I speak thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
 Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
 Averse to good, and prone to ill;
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
 And feel the indigence I see:
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burden groan!
 Abhor the pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loathe myself and sin.

- 5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal:
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer.

482

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

- 1 O that I could revere
My much-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
- 2 If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatening move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.
- 3 Let me with horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever in my Judge's eye.
My Judge's anger dare.
- 4 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
The tender fleshly heart:
- 5 For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt, at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of love!

Praying for repentance.

- 1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
 On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye:

- Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man;
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored;
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live:
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

484

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm li. 1-4.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:

Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin !
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

485

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm li. 9-12.

- 1 O thou, who hear'st when sinners cry
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight !
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

486

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm li. 13-19.

- 1 A broken heart, my God, my King,
To thee a sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

487

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The resolve.

- 1 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
 Dragged to the judgment-seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet?—
- 2 Dissolved are nature's closest ties,
 And bosom-friends forgot,
 When God, the just avenger, cries,
 Depart, I know you not!—
- 3 But must I from his glorious face,
 From all his saints retire?
 But must I go to my own place
 In everlasting fire?—
- 4 Ah! no: I still may turn and live,
 For still his wrath delays;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace.
- 5 I will accept his offers now:
 From every sin depart;
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.

488

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm li. 5-8.

- 1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow :
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease :
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

489

L. M.

A Desire to be delivered from the Power of Sin.

Rev. vii. 21-23.

- 1 Lord Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee ?

When will this war of passion cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again :
Now I revive, and now am slain :
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone
But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force :
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

490

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for repentance.

- 1 Jesus, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel !
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,

My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

- 3 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry !
Give me thyself, or else I die !
Save me from death ; from hell set free !
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quickened by thy imparted flame ;
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am :
My life, my only heaven thou art ;
O might I feel thee in my heart !

491

7s.

C. WESLEY.

The invitation accepted.

- 1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load ;
Jesus calls his wand'ers home :
Hasten to your pard'ning God.
Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call,—
“ Come, and I will give you rest :
Come, and I will save you all.
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey ;
Faithful let thy mercies prove ;
Take our load of guilt away :
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care,
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

492

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Feeling after God.

- 1 God is in this and every place!
But O, how dark and void!
To me 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.
- 2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown;
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.
- 5 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad:
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

493

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Having the form of godliness.

- 1 Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain :
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word ;
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew :
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design :
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love Divine.
- 4 To please thee thus at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove ;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made ;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

- 7 Where am I now? what is my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

494

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Seeking the power.

- 1 Still, for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"
- 3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!
- 4 I wait my vigor to renew,
Thine image to retrieve!
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.
- 5 I work; and own the labor vain,
And thus from works I cease:
I strive; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, 'till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;

They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er ;
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me ;
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee !

495

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The humbled Pharisee.

1 My gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say ?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray !

2 Yes, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear e'en to ask thy grace ;
So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,
And mocked thee to thy face.

3 With all pollutions stained,
Thy hallowed courts I trod ;
Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call thee God.

4 My nature I obeyed ;
My own desires pursued ;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallowed house of God.

- 5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise :
Spoke to my soul a flatt'ring peace,
And put out my own eyes.
- 4 In fig leaves I appeared,
Nor with my form would part ;
But still retained a conscience scared,
A hard deceitful heart.

496

L. M.

HART.

Hardness of heart lamented.

- 1 O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love Divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt !
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgment, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed :
And that blest something much I need:

Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

497

C. M.

ADDISON.

Contrition.

- 1 When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

498

7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

Contrition.

- 1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued,
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murdered God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, your sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him here,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head.
Pierced him with the soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice:
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No: with all our sins we part—
Saviour, take my broken heart!

499

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Surrendering the heart.

- 1 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?
- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?

Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

- 3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free:
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.
- 5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suff'ring life below,
To gain my worthless heart.
- 6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

500

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee, conqueror!

- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine !
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove :
Sett'le and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

501

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Feeling after Christ.

- 1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee ?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near :
O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.
- 3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind :

Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth to heaven.

- 4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

502

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Struggling after Christ.

- 1 Ah ! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint !
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint ?
My Saviour bids me come ;
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay !

- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart !
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within ;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see ;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

- 4 I now believe in thee
 Compassion reigns alone ;
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done !
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove ;
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

503

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The mourner.

- 1 Jesus, if still the same thou art,
 If all thy promises are sure,
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor :
 To me be all thy treasures given,
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
 And lo ! for thee I ever mourn ;
 I cannot, no, I will not rest,
 Till thou, my only rest, return ;
 Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness, bestowed
 On all that hunger after thee ?
 I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
 See the poor fainting sinner, see ;

And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

- 4 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom ;
Light in thy light I then shall see ;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee ;
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er ;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

504

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive ;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,—
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure :
I want,—do thou enrich the poor :
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up !
- 4 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight :
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might :
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee !

505

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

Humble confession.

- 1 Wretched, helpless, and distressed,
 Ah! whither shall I fly?
 Ever gasping after rest,
 I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
 Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
 My help, my all, in thee!
- 2 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
 And my whole head is faint:
Full of putrefying sores,
 Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.
- 3 In the wilderness I stray;
 My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
 Of peace I cannot find:
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
 And take, O take the veil away!
Turn my darkness into light,
 My midnight into day.
- 4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
 Forsaken, and alone:
Unrenewed, and unrestored,
 I have not thee put on:

Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be displayed,
And wrap me in thy love!

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my wretchedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel.
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am filled with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want:
Be the wand'rer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor:
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eyesight to the blind.

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me this glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee:
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

506

L. M.

BEDDOME

Burden of Guilt.

- 1 Lord, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.
- 2 Here on my soul the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.
- 3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains.
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee

507

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Pathetic pleadings.

- 1 My suff'rings all to thee are known
Tempted in every point like me!
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers!
Thy agony and sweat of blood!
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears;
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"
- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

- 4 Art thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?
- 5 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 6 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

508

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Awful distress.

- 1 Thou Man of grief, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!
- 2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath Divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,

Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring :
The heightened fear of death I find ;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

3 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me .

509

C. M.

C. WESLEY

The earnest suit.

1 O that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem :
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him !

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire !
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire !

3 In answer to ten thousand prayers
Thou pard'ning God, descend :
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

510

7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

Why not now?

1 Why not now, my God, my God?

Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart :
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now ?

2 God of love, in this thy day,

For thyself to thee I cry ;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die ?
Enter now thy poorest home ;
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

511

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"Beginning at Jerusalem."

1 "Go," saith the Lord, "proclaim my grace
To all the sons of Adam's race,
Pardon for every crimson sin,
And at Jerusalem begin.

2 "There, where my blood, not fully dry,
Stands warm upon Mount Calvary,
That blood shall purge away their guilt,
By whom so lately it was spilt.

3 "Now let the daring rebels turn,
And o'er their bleeding Sovereign mourn :
Their bleeding Sovereign shall forgive,
And bid the rebels look and live."

- 4 Is this thy voice, all-gracious Lord?
 And did the rebels hear thy word?
 And did they fall beneath thy feet,
 And on their knees forgiveness meet?
- 5 Then may I hope for mercy too:
 Such love can my hard heart subdue,
 And give this guilty soul a place
 Among these captives of thy grace.

512

C. M.

HIGINBOTHAM.

Repentance in View of the Cross.

- 1 And can mine eyes, without a tear,
 A weeping Saviour see?
 Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
 Who groaned and died for me?
- 2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
 Subdue each stubborn foe;
 Come, fill my heart with love divine,
 And bid my sorrows flow.

513

C. M.

C. WESLEY

The prisoner of hope.

- 1 Thou hidden God, for whom I groan,
 Till thou thyself declare,
 God, inaccessible, unknown,—
 Regard a sinner's prayer!
 A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
 Unpurged and unforgiven;
 Far distant from the living God,
 As far as hell from heaven.

- 2 An unregen'rate child of man.
To thee for faith I call ;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
The darkness which through thee I feel
Thou only canst remove ;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy everlasting love.
- 3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go ;
In hope, believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford
Bound and oppressed, yet thine I am,
The pris'ner of the Lord.
- 4 I would not to my foe submit ;
I hate the tyrant's chain ;
Send forth the pris'ner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain.
Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.
- 5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
The mountain-sin remove ;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art truth and love.
Speak, Jesus, speak into my heart,
What thou for me hast done !
A ray of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

514

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The prisoner of hope.

- 1 Let the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God !
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesus' blood :
- 2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sin depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 3 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored :
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace ;
With present pardon blessed ;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.
- 6 My God, through Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare ;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there !

515

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

The prisoner of hope.

- 1 Thee Jesus, thee, the sinner's Friend
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold:
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee, my eternal life.
- 2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent;
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.
- 3 Give me the grace, the love I claim;
Thy Spirit now demands thy name!
Thou know'st the Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.
- 4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan! Di
O make to me thy nature known;
Thy hidden name impart!
(Thy name and nature are the same:)
Tell me thy nature, and thy name,
And write it on my heart.

516

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Pris'ner of hope—to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,

And pray and weep for thee :
 Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
 Thy mystic name in me reveal,
 Reveal thyself in me.

2 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
 O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,—
 The Lord, the gracious Lord,
 Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
 The God who always bears in mind
 His everlasting word.

3 Plenteous he is in truth and grace ;
 He wills that all the fallen race
 Should turn, repent, and live ;
 His pard'ning grace for all is free ;
 Transgression, sin, iniquity,
 He freely doth forgive.

4 Mercy he doth for thousands keep ;
 He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
 And brings his wand'rer home ;
 And every soul that sheep might be :
 Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
 My Jesus, quickly come.

517

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Fleeing to the sinner's Friend.

1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee :
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin ;
 Open thine arms and take me in.

- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole :
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.
- 3 Awake, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head !
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.
- 4 What shall I say thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,
“ Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.”

518

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The penitent at the table.

- 1 How long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie ?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me ?
- 2 Sinners, on every side, step in,
And wash away their pain and sin,
But, I a helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 In vain I taste the broken bread,
I cannot on thy mercy feed ;
In vain I drink the hallowed wine,
I cannot taste the love Divine.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would thou know'st I would be whole :

O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

- 5 Surely if thou the symbols bless,
The cov'nant blood shall seal my peace,
Thy flesh, e'en now, shall be my food,
And all my soul be filled with God.

519

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Quickening Spirit and Word. Matt. xvi. 25.

- 1 Be it according to thy word !
This moment let it be !
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose my life for thee !
- 2 Now, Jesus, let thy powerful death
Into my being come ;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath,—
The man of sin consume !
- 3 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires
Poison my pleasant food ;
Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
My all of creature good !
- 4 My old affections mortify ;
Nail to the cross my will ;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill !
- 5 Jesus, my life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head :
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed !

- 6 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord
 Would I not die this hour?
 Then speak the killing, quick'ning word,
 Slay, raise me, by thy power!
- 7 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
 With thy dead men arise!
 Awake, and sing out of the dust,
 Soon as this nature dies.
- 8 O let it now make haste to die,
 The mortal wound receive!
 So shall I live; and yet not I,
 But Christ in me shall live.
- 9 Be it according to thy word!
 This moment let it be;
 The life I lose for thee, my Lord
 I find again in thee.

520

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's resolve.

- 1 Yes, from this instant, now, I will
 To my offended Father cry;
 My base ingratitude I feel,
 Vilest of all thy children, I;
 Not worthy to be called thy Son;
 Yet will I thee, my Father, own.
- 2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
 And rescued me from passion's power?
 Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
 Nor let the greedy grave devour?

And wilt thou now thy wrath retain?
Nor ever love thy child again?

- 3 If thou hast called me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honor of his bleeding love.

521

S. M.

C. WESLEY

The backslider's return.

- 1 O Jesus! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.
- 2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live:
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive.
- 4 For thine own mercy's sake,
Relieve my wretchedness:
And O, my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace!
- 5 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven:

O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven!

- 6 Thy utmost mercy show:
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

522

L. M.

C. WESLEY

The backslider's confession.

- 1 Saviour, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness:
By base desires I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.
- 2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But, when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.
- 3 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own forward will went on:
I lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.
- 4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create—
Fruit of thy gracious lips—restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

The backslider's prayer.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

524

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's suit.

- 1 Jesus, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up!
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship Divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

525

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's supplication.

- 1 Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear.
Yet once again I pray:
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:

Speak, O speak the kind release,
 A poor backsliding soul restore;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride,
 Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from thy face;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy, I implore;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
 A hardness o'er my heart;
 But if thou thy Spirit shed,
 The hardness shall depart:
 Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
 And let me feel thy soft'ning power,
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

526

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's complaint.

And wilt thou yet be found?
 And may I still draw near?
 Then listen to the plaintive sound
 Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
 If still the same thou art:
 To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
 Lift up a helpless heart.

- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known :
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace :
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease !
- 6 I long to see thy face,
Thy spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

527

7s.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's plea.

- 1 Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Lo ! I cumber still the ground :
Lo ! an Advocate is found !

“Hasten not to cut him down :
Let this barren soul alone !”

- 4 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood :
He disarms the wrath of God !
Now my Father's bowels move ;
Justice lingers into love.
- 5 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare ;
Cries, “ How shall I give thee up ?”
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 6 There for me the Saviour stands ,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands :
God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 7 Jesus, answer from above :
Is not all thy nature love ?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet ?
- 8 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow !
Pardon and accept me now.
- 9 Pity from thine eye let fall ;
By a look my soul recall :
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
- 10 Now incline me to repent !
Let me now my fall lament !
Now my foul revolt deplore !
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

528

C. M.

WATTS,

The Royal Comforter. John xiv. 16-26.

- 1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter, descend, and bring
The token of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey me home.

529

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider's recovery.

- 1 O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!
- 2 But O! how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

- 3 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!
- 4 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 5 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be ALL IN ALL.

530

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6. C. WESLEY.

The backslider's pardon.

- 1 Lord, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Cast thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.
- 2 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,—
If e'en now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal,—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace:
Never nore resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

- 3 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love ;
Freedom never let me find
From thee, my Lord, to move :
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart !
- 4 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone ;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own !
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find ;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.
- 5 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep ;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep :
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven ;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

531

S. M.

ANON

Confession.

- 1 Once more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess ;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

- 2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry ;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.
- 3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.
- 4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before ;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

532

S. M.

EPIS. COL

Holy Fear of God.

- 1 Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God !
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend ?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake ;

The trembling earth deserts her place ;
Her rooted pillars shake.

- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God ?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

533

H. M.

BEDDOME.

The efficacious Fountain.

- 1 From thy dear, pierced side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood :

My sinful soul		Till every stain
There I would lay,		Is washed away.

- 2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes :

Here, then, I'll bathe,		Till not a wound
And bathe again,		Or woe remain.

- 3 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me :

To this pure fount		Come, sinners, come,
Will I repair ;		There's mercy there.

534

S. M.

COWPER.

Trembling Solitude.

- 1 My former hopes are fled ;
My terror now begins ;
Feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
 - 2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar :
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
 - 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But hark ! a friendly whisper says :
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
 - 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
 - 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It mark's the pilgrim's way :
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.
-

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

535

S. M.

C. WESLEY,

Internal Religion. 1 John i. 3-11.

- 1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven ?

How can my gracious Saviour show,
My name inscrib'd in heaven?

- 2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

536

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

*"And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took
the knife to slay his son."* Gen. xxii. 10.

- 1 Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by his obdience show'd;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

- 2 His son the father offer'd up,
Son of his age, his only son ;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less belov'd than God alone.
- 3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue ;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing soul thy call obeys ;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life—to win thy grace.
- 5 Is there a thing than life more dear ?
A thing from which we cannot part ?
We can we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice ;
All things for thee we count but loss ;
Lo ! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.
- 7 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain :
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

537

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German of Zinzendorf.]

Receiving the atonement.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :

- 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin, and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me, t' atone,
Nor for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

538

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xxxii. 1-6.

- 1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care:
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

539

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening worship.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for *me*.
- 5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

540

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God; ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an off'ring made
For every soul of man.
- 3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep.
And Christ shall give you light:
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.
- 4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

541

L. M.

WATTS

Opening worship.

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring:

- Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee—
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!
- 4 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

542

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

An interest in Christ.

- 1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!
- 2 'Tis myst'ry all! th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depth of love Divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

- 3 He left his Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite his grace !)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race :
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me* !
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin, and nature's night :
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light !
 My chains fell off, my heart was free ;
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine !
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness Divine,
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my
 own.

543

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

[From the German of Rothe.]

Exulting in the atonement.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus—for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain,
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :

Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !
- 4 By faith I plunge me in this sea :
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
I look into my Saviour's breast :
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends,
be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay :
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

545

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The work of faith.

- 1 Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same :
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable :
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save :
(Save us, a present Saviour, thou !)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have ;
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given :
Into himself he all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

545

C. M.

WATTS.

1 Cor. vi. 9-11.

- 1 Not the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin!
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

546

S. M.

WATTS.

Adoption.

- 1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,—
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown:
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

- 3 Nor does it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We should no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne:
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

547

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 We by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.
- 2 His Spirit us he gave,
Who dwells in us, we know:
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
- 3 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,

To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.

4 Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,
The Spirit of God with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

548

8,7,8,7,4,7.

ANON.

"Whom not having seen, we love."

1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy Divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near,—
Manifests his pard'ning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM !
I with them will still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song :
Hallelujah !
Love and praise to Christ belong !
- 5 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose :
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause ;
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.
- 6 This hath set me all on fire ;
Strongly glows the flame of love :
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove ;
Then I'll praise him
In a nobler strain above !

549

S. M.

WATTS.

1 Peter i. 8.

- 1 Not with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

550

7s.

COWPER.

Love to the Saviour.

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord !
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word !
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,

Partner of my throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?”

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore :
O for grace to love thee more !

551

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Love and praise.

- 1 Infinite, unexhausted love!—
Jesus and love are one—
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love,
My loving God to praise,
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth, of sovereign grace ?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined ;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity,—
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven ;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

552

C. M.

NEWTON.

"The fruit of the Spirit is—joy."

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.
- 4 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
A sense of pard'ning love—
A hope that triumphs over death—
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

553

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German.]

Love and joy.

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

554

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown!
- 2 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know

Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

3 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought.
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

555

L. M.

C. WESLEY

Proverbs iii. 13-18.

1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "The Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom Divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

556

C. M.

WATTS.

God, the source of joy.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!—
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;

The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

557

10,11,10,11.

C. WESLEY.

Heaven below.

- 1 My God, I am thine: What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
mine!
In th' heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,—
My heart doth rejoice at the sound of his
name.
- 2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous
sound:
Whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,—
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 3 Yet onward I haste To th' heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To th' heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

558

8s.

C. WESLEY.

Seraphic joy.

- 1 A fountain of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free:
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown,
The streams of immortal delight
That flow from his heavenly throne.

- 2 As soon as in him we believe,
 By faith of his Spirit we take :
 And, freely forgiven, receive
 The mercy for Jesus's sake !
 We gain a pure drop of his love ;
 The life of eternity know ;
 Angelical happiness prove ;
 And witness a heaven below.

559

10,11,10,11.

C. WESLEY.

Triumph.

- 1 All praise to the Lamb ! Accepted I am,
 I'm bold to believe on my Jesus's name :
 In him I confide, His blood is applied ;
 For me he has suffered, for me he has died.
- 2 Not a doubt can arise To darken the skies,
 Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine
 eyes :
 In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
 And lo ! in his wounds I continually rest.

560

10,10,11,11

C. WESLEY.

"All joy and peace in believing."

- 1 Rejoice evermore With angels above,
 In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love :
 With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been,
 Hast saved us from grief, Hast saved us from
 sin :

The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts
free,
And now we inherit All fulness in thee—

- 3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss That never shall cloy :
To us it is given In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join, While sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight :
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all
vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is
pain.
- 5 O might they at last With sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste For which they were
born ;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love !

561

11,9.

C. WESLEY.

Ecstasy of the new-born soul.

- 1 How happy are they Who their Saviour
obey,
And have laid up their treasures above !
Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort
and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That comfort was mine, When the favor Di-
vine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;

When my heart it believed, What a joy I
received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below My Redeemer to
know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my
song :
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered
and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of his love I was carried
above
All sin, and temptation, and pain :
I could not believe that I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky, Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat :
My soul mounted higher In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly
blessed,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

562

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Bliss.

- 1 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restored,
Mis'ry we exchange for bliss—
- 2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown :
O 'tis more than tongue can tell !
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.
- 3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love :
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
- 4 Let us walk with him in white ;
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there !

563

L. M.

WATTS.

"Our rejoicing in this"—

- 1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love :
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away :
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow !
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

564

L. M.

WATTS.

Luke xv. 10.

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born !
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love :
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

565

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Luke xv. 10.

- 1 Sons of God, exulting rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
See the prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the wand'rer home!
- 2 Strive in joy, with angels strive,
He was dead, but now's alive!
Loud repeat the glorious sound,
He was lost, but now is found!
- 3 Now the gracious Father smiles;
Now the Saviour boasts his spoils;
Now the Spirit grieves no more:
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, adore!

566

S. H. M.

ANON.

Excellence of Faith.

- 1 Faith is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.
- 2 Faith in the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

- 3 Faith is the rainbow's form.
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given ;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.
- 4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart ;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

567

S. M.

NOEL'S COL.

Living by Faith.

- 1 If on a quiet sea
Towards heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control ;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

568

8s & 7s.

GRANT.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me ;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast :
Life with trials hard may press me ;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

569

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Living by Faith on the Son of God.

1 Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat ;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms
Be dead to every sin ;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

570

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Entire Surrender.

- 1 O Lord, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight ;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.
- 2 The sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess ;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.
- 3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.
- 4 My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.
- 5 Accept, O Lord, my heart ;
To thee myself I give ;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

571

H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Repairing to Christ, the Fountain of Life.

1 Hail, everlasting Spring!

Celestial Fountain, hail!

Thy streams salvation bring;

The waters never fail;

Still they endure,	For all our woe
And still they flow,	A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,

And blest his bleeding heart,

Who all in anguish died,

Such favors to impart;

His sacred blood	From every sin,
Shall make us clean	And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,

Our souls this day would come

And thither, from above,

Lord, call the nations home;

That Jew and Greek,	On all their tongues,
With rapturous songs	Thy praise may speak.

572

S. M.

BEDE

Nearness to the Lord.

1 When sorrows round us roll,

And comforts we have none,

Dear Saviour, say that thou art ours,

And all our griefs our gone.

2 Is there no friend to cheer

In times of deep distress,—

A smile from thee will help to bear,
Or make the burden less.

3 Though in the gloomy vale
Of death, we fear no harm,
Supported by thy powerful grace,
Reclining on thine arm.

4 This is our utmost wish,
O Lord,—that thou wouldst be,
Forever, ever near to us,
And keep us near to thee.

573

L. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me :
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight :
My yoke is easy to the neck ;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

574

6s & 10s. MARTINEAU'S COL.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 Thou, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,—
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,—
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home
on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife :
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was
bowed :
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hover's o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to
thee.

575

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The benediction.—Numbers vi. 24–27.

- 1 Jehovah, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend !
With mercy's outstretched arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.
Preserve the creatures of thy love ;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there !
- 2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face,
And all thy pardoned people fill
With plenitude of grace !
Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone ;
And lifts us up, thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show !
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravished hearts o'erflow !
Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

576

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ezekiel xvi. 62, 63.

- 1 O God, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart ;

- 'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find!
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,—
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God forever pacified!
- 577** L. M. C. WESLEY.
Ezekiel xxxvi. 29, 30.
- 1 Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given:
O grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

- 2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more!
- 3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry;
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children, I.
- 4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove!
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

578

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ezekiel xxvi. 31, 32.

- 1 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lest in astonishment and love!
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred:
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ, my Lord!

- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall!
As less than nothing in thy sight;
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all*!

579

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

The beatitudes.—Matt. v. 3–8.

- 1 Saviour, on me the want bestow
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven:
Give me to prove the Kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.
- 2 Turn into flesh my heart of stone,
And, while I mourn for thee alone,
The consolation send:
O come thyself, my soul t'embrace,
And let my cheerful life of grace
In glorious comfort end!
- 3 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward,—
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.
- 4 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart:
Less than thyself cannot suffice!
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

- 5 Mercy who show shall mercy find :
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestowed ;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.
- 6 Jesus, the crowning grace impart !
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see !

580

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.—Matt. v. 9–12.

- 1 Lord, give me that pacific mind
Which spreads thy peace among mankind,
And knits them all in one ;
So shall he own me for his child,
Who all, through thee, hath reconciled,
And take me to his throne.
- 2 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form I take,
But for true holiness :
Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred,
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.
- 3 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blessed ;

And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast.

581

8s.

C. WESLEY.

Desiring full salvation.

- 1 What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
- 2 My hope is all centered in thee;
I trust to recover thy love,—
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

582

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ezekiel xxxvi. 23-25.

- 1 God of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
pass,
Remains, and stands for ever sure:
- 2 Camly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
The seal of thy eternal love.
- 3 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow the great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

- 4 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean ;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

583

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ezekiel xxxvi. 26-28.

- 1 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free :
The mind which was in Christ impart ;
And let my spirit cleave to thee.
- 2 O take this heart of stone away !
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own :
In me no longer let it stay ;
O take away this heart of stone !
- 3 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove !—
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

584

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Rom. iv. 16-25.

- 1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.
- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me ;
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given ;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.
- 4 All nations of the earth are blessed
In him, who would restore,
And take them all into his rest,
And bid them sin no more.
- 5 O God, thy record I believe,
In Abrah'm's footsteps tread ;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised Seed !

585

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate I believe :
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.
- 2 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
But faithful is my Lord :
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, " It shall be done !"
- 4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give !

I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

- 5 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove ;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

586

7,7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

The act of consecration.

- 1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !
- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo ! I answer to thy call :
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo ! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive,
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers ;
Take my mom'ry, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours ;

All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do :
Take my heart ; but make it new !

5 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own ;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone :
Thine I live, thrice happy I !
Happier still if thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

587

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the French.]

The act of consecration.

- 1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue :

I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

588

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Concluded.

1 Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

2 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

3 Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

589

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The act of consecration.

1 Let Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert!

And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire !

4 Our souls and bodies we resign :
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

590

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The act of consecration.

1 O God ! what off'ring shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice ;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul :
No longer mine, but thine I am :
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole !
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame !
Thou hast my spirit : there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

- 3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
 Devoted solely to thy will:
 Here let thy light for ever shine:
 This house still let thy presence fill:
 O Source of life—live, dwell, and move
 In me, till all my life be love!

591

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for a holy heart.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels thy blood
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,—
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean!
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love Divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

592

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

Centring the soul in God.

- 1 Upright, both in heart and will,
 We by our God were made;

But we turned from good to ill,
And o'er the creature strayed;
Multiplied our wand'ring thought,
Which first was fixed on God alone;
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wand'rings cease:
Jesus, speak our souls restored,
By love's divine simplicity;
Reunited to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!

593

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Longing to be crucified with Christ.

- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 3 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway:
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

- 4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode !
 O make me glorious all within,
 A temple built by God !

594

7s.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German of Schindler.]

Panting for purity.

- 1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be !
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast !
 See I pant in thee to rest !
 Gladly would I now be clean ;
 Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind !
 To thy cross my spirit bind :
 Earthly passions far remove ;
 Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of sin and misery,
 Thine we are, thou Son of God :
 Take the purchase of thy blood !
- 5 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
 Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
 Marks the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day.

- 6 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

595

8,7.

C. WESLEY.

Invoking Divine Love.

- 1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

596

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Seeking perfect rest in Christ.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free :
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power :
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :
Appear, in my poor heart appear !
My God, my Saviour, come away !

597

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Longing to be established in love.

- 1 My God ! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me !
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty !
- 4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

598

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !

- 2 O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

599

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for perfection.

- 1 What ! never speak one evil word ?
Or rash, or idle, or unkind ?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find ?
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal ;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart ;
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of a loving heart.
-

SANCTIFICATION.

600

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Perfect purification.

- 1 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul, be love.

601

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The new creation.

- 1 The thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love Divine,
For ever cease from sin.

- 2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesus, to me impart,
 The Spirit's law of life Divine,
 O write it in my heart!
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee.
 Soul of my soul remain!
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 The heavenly Fathers' will!

602

6,6,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

The Saviour's captive.

- 1 Jesus, thou art our King!
 To me thy succor bring!
 Christ, the mighty One, art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid:
 This the word; I claim it now;
 Send me now the promised aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne
 O look with pity down!
 Help, O help, attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity:
 King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, be Lord, be King to me!

- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee t' obey:
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet:
 This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
 Make, O make my heart thy seat,
 O set up thy kingdom there!
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory:
 Hell, and death, and sin control,
 Pride, and wrath, and every foe,—
 All subdue; through all my soul,
 Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

603

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The rest of faith.

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone:
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in!
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove:
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

604

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.
- 2 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 3 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!
- 4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God!

605

7,6,7,6,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

The work of purification.

- 1 Now, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part:
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart!
Purge the love of sin away.
Then I into nothing fall,—
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

- 2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine :
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine :
Purify our faith like gold ;
All the dross of sin remove ;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

606

8,8,8,8,8,8.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German of Paul Gerhard.]

All-absorbing love.

- 1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare :
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there !
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone !
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown !
Strange flames far from my heart remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray !
All pain before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise :
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee !

- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard the sacred treasure there.

607

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The rapture of love.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me :
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near :
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be !
 What can withstand his will ?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
 To meet thee from above,
 Thy goodness thankfully adores ;
 And sure I taste thy love.

- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height ;
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

608

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 When Christ doth in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.
- 2 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
- 3 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.
- 4 Thou only know'st who did obtain,
And die to make it known :
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.
- 5 May I, may all who humbly wait,
The glorious joy receive,—
Joy above all conception great,
Worthy of God to give.
- 6 Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine :

Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine.

609

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"Christ liveth in me."

- 1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am :
Make me Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.
- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

610

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The paradise of love.

- 1 O Jesus ! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state
To love's sweet paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin :
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.
- 3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love !

- 4 The counsel of thy love fulfil :
Come quickly, gracious Lord !
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.
- 5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad !
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God !

611

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

" Thy will be done."

- 1 Jesus, the life, the truth, the way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

612

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"This is the will of God."—

- 1 He wills that I should holy be :
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full Divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,
Accomplished in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love Divine !

613

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A holy heart the Saviour's home.

- 1 What is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem !
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

- 5 When Jesus makes my hearth his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith: "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"
- 6 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord:
Come in, my Lord, come in!

614

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"That the body of sin might be destroyed."

- 1 Thou God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesus' name we call,
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.
- 2 Bound on the altar of thy cross
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honor of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice.
- 3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood;
Consume our stony hearts within;
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.
- 4 Its body totally destroy!
Thyself the Lord, the God approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.
- 5 O that the fire from heaven might fall!
Our sins its ready victims find,—

Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind.

- 6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore :
The Lord, he is the God, confess ;
He is the God of saving power !
He is the God of hall'wing grace.

615

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The promised land of perfect love.

- 1 If, Lord, I have acceptance found
With thee, or favor in thy sight,
Still with thy grace and truth surround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.
- 2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near,
With rev'rence unto thee rejoice,
And love thee with a filial fear'
- 3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide :
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.
- 4 O give me faith, and faith's increase ;
Finish the work begun in me,
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee !
- 5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
And bring me to the promised land,
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command :

- 6 A land where milk and honey flow,
And springs of pure delights arise,
Delights which I shall shortly know,
When I regain my paradise.

616

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The believer's rest.

- 1 Come, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known :
The mind which was in thee impart ;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.
- 2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,—
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.
- 3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease :
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.
- 4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait :
O let our eyes behold thee near !
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear !

617

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in hope.

- 1 O glorious hope of perfect love
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;

It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blessed :
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess !
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove :
The purchase of thy death divide ;
And, O ! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love !

Cordial obedience.

- 1 Come, Lord, and claim me for thine own :
Saviour, thy right assert !
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart !
- 2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty :
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.
- 3 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
For I renounce them too :
My weakness with thy strength I join,
Thy strength shall all subdue.
- 4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
- 5 Thy love the conquest more than gains :
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus, the King, the Conqu'ror reigns,
Bow down to Jesus' name.
- 6 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

619

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in hope of perfect love.

- 1 Jesus comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!
- 2 Let the living stones cry out!
Let the sons of Abrah'm shout:
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought:
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath washed us in his blood.
- 4 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light:
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.
- 5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.
- 6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up:
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till he appear within.
- 7 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day:
Let thy every servant say,
"I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more."

620

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in hope.

- 1 O joyful sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear :
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see :
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes his future home ;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou water'st from on high.
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul !
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void :
'Thou only canst my spirit fill :
Come, O my God, my God !

621

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in hope.

- 1 Ye ransomed sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free
- 2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

622

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Prisoners of hope.

- 1 Pris'ners of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!

Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear :
The Lord will to his temple come ;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just ;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up
Ye shall not be forgotten long :
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove ;
And cannot fail, if God is love !

4 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold,
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear :
Dare to believe ! on Christ lay hold !
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer :
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

Longing to be complete in Christ.

1 Saviour of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole ;
Finish thy great work of grace ;
Cut it short in righteousness.

- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin :
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be given ;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease !
O that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall !
Let my Lord be all in all !

624

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Waiting at the Cross.

- 1 Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean :
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow ;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

625

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Sanctifying faith implored.

- 1 God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In us, e'en us, fulfil.
- 2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.
- 3 That mighty faith on me bestow
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain :
- 4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."
- 5 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.
- 6 On me the faith Divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

626

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The heart dissolving in love.

- 1 Jesus hath died that I might live.
Might live to God alone ;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable :
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove :
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself ; from every boast,
From every wish set free :
Let all I am in thee be lost ;
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given ;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

627

C. M.

NEWTON.

Gratitude and hope.

- 1 Amazing grace ! (how sweet the sound !)
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved :
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come :
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me :
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

628

C. M.

WATTS.

Courage.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die :
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

629

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Seeking a perfect cure.

1 Deepen the wounds thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enabled me t' endure ;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see th' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one ;
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

- 4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love !

630

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Humble aspirations.

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee ?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise ?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below ?
Only guided by thy light ;
Only mighty in thy might ?
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow :
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

631

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The cleansing act.

- 1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove !
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in :
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt !
Remove from hence ! to sin I say :
Be cast this moment out !
- 4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued !
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou !
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now !
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

632

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in entire sanctification.

- 1 Quickened with our immortal head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.
- 2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above ;

And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel :
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man :
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth, we gain.

633

C. M.

WATTS

Looking from Earth to Heaven.

1 Death may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home :
Why do my days so sluggish move,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend,
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

634

C. M.

H. H. HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

- 1 There is a hope, a blessed hope
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospect of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt
And whispers, "God is love."
- 4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revolution's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

635

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Exulting in perfect love.

- 1 Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below ?
Thee, and only thee, I know :
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above ;
All my riches is thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !
- 6 Thou, O Love, my portion art :
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart :
Other comforts I despise ;
Love be all my paradise.
- 7 Nothing else can I require ;
Love fills up my whole desire :
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love !

636

C. M.

WALTERS

Inspiring hope.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

637

C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

1 Spirit of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills,—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promis'd grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

638

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Imitation of Christ.

1 In duties and in sufferings, too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;

As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

- 2 Inflam'd with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

639

10,10,11,11.

NEWTON.

The Lord will provide.

- 1 Though troubles assail, And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, And foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide,
The promise assures us The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be de-
nied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, By tempest be toss'd
On perilous deeps, But need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages The wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, But faith makes us
bold;

For tho' we are strangers, We have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will pro-
vide.

5 No strength of our own, Nor goodness we
claim,
Our trust is all thrown On Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower For safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,
The word of his grace Shall comfort us
through:
Not fearing or doubting, With Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
vide.

640

7s.

CONDER.

Daily bread.

- 1 Day by day the manna fell:
O, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned

To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own my Father's will.
-

FAITH UNDER TRIALS.

641

6,6,8,4.

OLIVERA.

The God of Abraham.

- 1 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,—
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow, and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace,

Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.

He calls a worm his friend!

He calls himself my God!

And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood!

- 4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

642

6,6,8,4.

OLIVERA

Continued.

- 1 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The wat'ry deep I pass.
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
- 2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,

And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with the saints in light,
For ever reigns.

- 4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys.
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

- 5 Before the great Three-One,
Thy all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

643

6,6,8,4.

OLIVERS*Concluded.*

- 1 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,

And "holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 Who was and is the same,
 And evermore shall be,
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 We worship thee."

2 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow;
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
 For ever new:
 He shows his prints of love,—
 They kindle to a flame!
 And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine!
 (I join the heavenly lays,)
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

644

10,5,11.

C. WESLEY.

The pilgrimage.

1 Come, let us anew Our journey pursue,
 With vigor arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies:
 Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on
 earth,
 This is not our place,
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

- 2 At Jesus's call We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above—
- 3 A country of joy Without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!
- 4 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.,
The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

645

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Strangers and pilgrims.

- 1 In every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are called his sovereign will t' embrace,
And still their own deny,—
- 2 To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscovered land,
And house, and friends above.

3 Father, the narrow path
 To that far country show ;
 And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
 Enable me to go.

4 A cheerful sojourner
 Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
 Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
 I reach my heavenly home.

646

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

SEAGRAVE.

The pilgrimage.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove :
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n.
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

647

7s.

CENNICK.

The pilgrim's song.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

648

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxi. 15.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road:
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers:
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

649

8,7,8,7,4,7.

WILLIAMS.

The pilgrimage.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow:

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

650

C. M.

WATTS.

. *The pilgrimage.*

- 1 Lord! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 3 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come:
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.
- 4 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

- 5 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

651

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

- 1 Sing, O ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 A hand Divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress.
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

652

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Walking with God.

- 1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice :
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek :
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee !

653

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"And Enoch walked with God."

- 1 Cheered with thy converse, Lord, I trace
The desert with delight ;
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.
- 2 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.
- 3 I ask not Enoch's rapt'rous flight
To realms of heavenly day ;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,
To bear this flesh away.

- 4 Joyful my spirit will consent
 To drop its mortal load;
 And hail the sharpest pangs of death,
 That break its way to God.

654

L. M.

WATTS.

The Christian race.

- 1 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From Him, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to his abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

655

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian race.

- 1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on:
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

656

C. M.

WATTS.

Sluggishness lamented.

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;

We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And labor'd for our good:
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

657

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The pilgrim's song.

1 Leader of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide
Who would on thee alone rely.
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on
The New Jerusalem to find;
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King:
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 E'en now we taste the pleasures there!
A cloud of spicy odors comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than Araby's perfumes:
From Zion's top the breezes blow,
And cheer us in the vale below!
- 7 Raised by the breath of love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed,
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies

658

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German.]

Zeal implored.

- 1 O thou who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul :
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night ;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.
- 3 With outstretch'd hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize ;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;
But ah ! how soon it dies away !
- 4 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal :
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more.

659

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Persevering grace.

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant ;
Still supply our every want !
Tree of life, thy influence shed !
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee and die :

Weak as helpless infancy ;
O confirm my soul in thee !

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall ;
Send the help for which I call :
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend ;
Love me, save me to the end :
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

660

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY

Self-renunciation.

1 Master, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be !
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee ;
Myself in all things to deny ;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego ;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below ;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise, no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray :
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolv'd t' obey :
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

661

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Living by faith.

- 1 Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Oppress'd by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd !
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

662

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Filial fear.

God of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood,—
The guard of all thy mercies give
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter Divine.

- 2 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict Observer see;
 And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
 My childlike heart to thee:
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesus' feet abide;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

663

8,8,8,8,8,8.

J. WESLEY.

[From the German.]

"Fervent in spirit."

- 1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown.
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone;
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain!
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
 Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in thy way:
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.
- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
 Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day!

664

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

Only Jesus.

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good!
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood!

All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall nevermore depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd!

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove,—
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth, of Jesus' love!

Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied !
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd !

665

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine ;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 2 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.
- 3 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace !
- 4 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 5 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed ;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

666

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Circumspection.

- 1 Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart:
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

667

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Consistency.

- 1 Watched by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart,—
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

668

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Depending on Christ.

- 1 Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

669

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A tender conscience.

- 1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear,—
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:

- I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire,—
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make!
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh
 And keep it still awake.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.
 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul!
 And drive me to the blood again
 Which makes the wounded whole.

670

L. M.

C. WESLEY

A watchful spirit.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care,—
 On whom for all things I depend,—
 Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that sure salvation brings,
 If with me now thy Spirit stays,
 And hov'ring, hides me in his wings:

- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"
- 5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my way; my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

671

L. M.

C. WISLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.
- 2 Pierce, fill me, with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire!
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!
- 4 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill:
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

- 5 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,—
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

672

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

- 1 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,—
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
- 2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above!
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.
- 3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.
- 4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel!
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.
- 5 But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show:
- 6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care;
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

673

S. M.

MASON.

Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.

- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

674

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

- 1 Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul !
Say to me now, " Awake, awake !
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand ;
Alarm me in this hour ;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power !
- 3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepar'd
And ready may I be ;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

- 5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:
- 6 "Come back! this is the way!
Come back! and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

675

L. M.

HART.

Prayer.

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;—
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known:
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

676

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Waiting in the sanctuary.

- 1 Father, behold with gracious eyes
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son,
Well pleased in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.
- 2 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.
On me, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.
- 3 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven,
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

677

S. M.

C. WESLEY

A holy life.

- 1 God of almighty love,—
By whose sufficient grace

I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face,—
Through Jesus Christ, the just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My off'rings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed name.
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone :
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done !

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart :
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art.
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm—
A worm exalt to God !

678

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Eccles. xi. 6.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,

Drop it where thorns and thistles grow
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill, o'er dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown :
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown ;

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky :

7 Thence, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, " Harvest home !"

679

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

1 Thou seest my feebleness ;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

- 2 Give me to trust in thee ;
Be thou my sure abode :
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend :
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end !

680

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Praying always, with all prayer."

- 1 To God your every want
In instant prayer display :
Pray always ; pray, and never faint :
Pray without ceasing, pray.
- 2 In fellowship,—alone—
To God with faith draw near :
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
With all the power of prayer :
- 3 Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move :
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.
- 4 To God your spirits dart ;
Your souls in words declare ;

Or groan, to him who reads the heart,
Th' unutterable prayer :

- 5 His mercy now implore ;
And now show forth his praise ;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
- 6 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace.
- 7 Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind ;
Extend the arms of mighty pray'r,
In grasping all mankind.

681

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Keeping the charge of the Lord.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will !
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give !

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

682

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Psalm cxxv.

- 1 Who in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkl'd blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God :
Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
His Sion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.
- 2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares ;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.
- 3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctifi'd,
And perfectly restor'd :
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend ;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

683

8s.

NEWTON.

Delight in Christ.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow-
ers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me :
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?

O drive these dark clouds from my sky,—
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winters and clouds are no more.

684

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Watching unto prayer.

- 1 Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by
 Throughout the evil day:
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armor arm,
 In each approach of sin alarm,
 And show the danger near:
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy
 And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
 And feel thy warning eye;
 And starting, cry from ruin's brink,
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
 O save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart!
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness, t' appear
 Before thy glorious face.

685

8's 7's double. HUNTONDON.

Praise to Christ for his Divine Grace. Rev. v. 9.

- 1 Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount— I'm fix'd upon it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love !
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come,
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home ;
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God :
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood !
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

686

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Ministering spirits.

- 1 Which of the petty kings of earth
 Can boast a guard like ours,
 Encircled, from our second birth,
 With all the heavenly powers?
- 2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
 Sent by the King of kings,
 Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
 And shade us with their wings.
- 3 With them we march securely on
 Throughout Immanuel's ground ;
 And not an uncommission'd stone
 Our guarded feet shall wound :
- 4 No enemy our souls ensnare,
 No casual evil grieve,
 Nor can we lose a single hair
 Without our Father's leave.

687

L. M.

Eternity anticipated.

- 1 Eternity is just at hand ;
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?

- 2 Eternity ! tremendous sound !
To guilty souls a dreadful wound ;
But, oh, if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, my peace with God.
- 4 Search, Lord, oh search my inmost heart,
And light and hope and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

688

7s.

HAMMOND.

Opening worship.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain :
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend :
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay :
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford :

Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free :
Let us all rejoice in thee.

689

C. M.

WATTS

Surrendering all for Christ.

1 How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light :
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

690

11s.

KIRKHAM.

Precious promises.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health ;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad ; on the land, on the
sea,—
“ As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.
- 3 “ Fear not ; I am with thee : O be not dis-
may'd !
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid :
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 “ When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie.
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply :
The flame shall not hurt thee : I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I *will* not, I *will* not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, *no, never, NO, NEVER*, forsake."

691

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Jehovah's charioteers surround :
The ministerial choir
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.
- 2 Ten thousand offices, unseen,
For us they gladly do,—
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.
- 3 But thronging round, with busiest love,
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.

- 4 And when our spirits we resign,
 On outstretched wings they bear,
 And lodge us in the arms Divine,
 And leave us ever there.

692

C. M.

HART.

Opening worship.

- 1 Once more we come before our God ;
 Once more his blessings ask :
 O may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task !
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning spirit send
 From heaven in Jesus' name,
 To make our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart ;
 And keep the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
 To each thy blessings suit,
 And let the seed thy servant sows
 Produce abundant fruit.

693

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
 And gird your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;—
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on ;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, " Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Full assurance of hope.

- 1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel :
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see :
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father, shining on his throne,
The glorious coëternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete ;
And lo ! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall ;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

695

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"The Lord of hosts is with us !"

- 1 Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing ;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns !
- 2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and eart, and heaven !
Every knee to him shall bow ;
Satan, hear, and tremble now !
- 3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine ;
All in Jesus' praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.
- 4 Though the sons of night blaspheme
More there are with us than them :
God with us, we cannot fear,—
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here !
- 5 Lo ! to faith's enlighten'd sight
All the mountain flames with light ;
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

- 6 Our Messiah is come down,
 Claims the nations for his own,
 Bids them stand before his face,
 Triumph in his saving grace.

696

S. M.

C. WESLEY,

The triumph.

- 1 "I the good fight have fought,"
 O when shall I declare!
 The vict'ry by my Saviour got
 I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past;
 And, dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last!
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
 Just as the port is gained,
 "Kept by the power of grace Divine,
 I have the faith maintained."
- 4 'Th' apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,—
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

697

S. M.

B. T. TANNER.

Resignation.

- 1 And shouldst Thou, dearest Lord,
 The worthless vessel break,
 We would not say a single word;
 Nor least displeasure take.

- 2 We would resigned be,
To this the justest fate,
And praises render unto Thee
That judgment came so late.
- 3 What else can they expect
Who try Thy patience so?
Who treat with utter disrespect,
The mercy Thou dost show.
- 4 Break, break the vessel, Lord,
If praise to Thee will come,
Give to Thy justice its reward—
Strike down the cumbersome.
- 5 Dear Saviour, we would stand,
Close by thy reeking side.
Oh, take us by the trembling hand,
God will be satisfied.

698

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Continued.

- 1 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.
- 2 A sudden thought t' escape the blow,
A ready help we find,
And to their secret presence owe
The presence of our mind.
- 3 Their instrumental aid, unknown,
They day and night supply ;
And, free from fear, we lay us down
Though Satan's host be nigh.
- 4 Our lives the holy angels keep
From every hostile power ;
And, unconcern'd, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

699

C. M.

WATTS.

Brevity of life.

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Great God! on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls be hurri'd hence
May they be found with God!

700

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xxxix.

- 1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame:
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain
And dissappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

701

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xc.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like a evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home !

702

C. M.

WATTS

A voice from the tombs.

- 1 Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry :
“Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers :

The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more!
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

703

8,8,6.

C. W. 1841 N. Y.

The end of life.

- 1 Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee.
A worm of earth, I cry!
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above—
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

704

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The solemn question.

- 1 Pass a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.
- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above ;
And, O my God, shall I be there ?

705

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

The end of life.

- 1 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay:
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone,—
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death,
That never, never dies!

How make mine own election sure ;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness !
Ah ! write the pardon on my heart !
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace !

706

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The end of life.

- 1 And am I born to die ?
To lay this body down ?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot !
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be !
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise ;
And see the Judge with glory crown'd.
And see the flaming skies !
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret ?

A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing, meet?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there?

- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else—depart to hell.

707

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 O thou that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die;
 Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
 From endless misery!
 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe;
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear!
- 2 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will:
 So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me;
 And praise thee in thy bright abode
 To all eternity.

708

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The issues of life and death.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"
- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

709

L. M.

Death welcome to the Christian.

- 1 Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;

Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die,—my father's God to meet.

- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see :
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me !
- 3 O that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive !
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certifi'd that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty doom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers :
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears !

710

L. M.

WATTS.

The peaceful death

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd!
- 4 Jesus can make a dying-bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

711

C. M.

WATTS.

The happy death.

- 1 Jesus, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms!
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break
 How sweet my minutes roll!
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

712

L. M.

BARBOULD.

Death of the righteous.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

713

L. M.

FAWCETT.

Death of the sinner.

- 1 What scenes of horror and of dread
 Await the sinner's dying-bed!
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,
 Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins, in dreadful order, rise,
 And fill his soul with sad surprise;
 Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
 And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
 Where'er he turns he finds no rest:
 Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—
 And in despair and horror—dies.

714

C. M.

WATTS.

The sinner's end.

- 1 My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
 Damnation and the dead:
 What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying-bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

- 3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains:
Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry;
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones;
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

715

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Disembodied saints.

- 1 The saints who die of Christ possess'd
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains
Of purging fires and torturing pains.
- 2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleans'd from all sin and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.
- 3 Close follow'd by their works they go,
Their Master's purchas'd joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepar'd,
And each hath its distinct reward.
- 4 Yet glorifi'd by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne:
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

716

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

2 Cor. v. 1-9.

- 1 We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.
- 2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we enter'd there!
To perfect heaven restor'd!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!
- 3 For this in faith we call;
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall!
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

717

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Concluded.

- 1 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,

And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of everlasting light!

- 2 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness!
And rise prepar'd thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face:
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven!

718

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The day of judgment.

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

719

L. M.

W. SCOTT.

Dies iræ.

- 1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away!
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day—
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 And louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

720

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Rev. vii. 13-17.

- 1 What are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noonday sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?

These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow ;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their suff'rings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more :
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead ;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

721

C. M.

St. Ann's.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh:
Death, at the furthest, can't be far:
O! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect: thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

722

C. M.

WATTS.

Eternal death.

- 1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

- 3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

723

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The last day.

- 1 The great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar),
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,—
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,

Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

724

8s.

C. WESLEY.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

1 I long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand—
For Jesus hath spoken the word—
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

725

C. M.

WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan stood between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea:
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

726

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The whole family in heaven and earth.

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:

- Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die ;
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heav'nly land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity :
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before :
And greet the blood-besprinkl'd bands
On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.

O that we now might grasp our Guide!
 O that the word were given!
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven!

727

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Prepare to meet thy God."

- 1 Woe to the men on earth who dwell,
 Nor dread th' Almighty's frown;
 When God doth all his wrath reveal,
 And shower his judgments down!
- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
 To meet your God prepare!
 For lo! the seventh angel pours
 His phial in the air.
- 3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
 The mountains are not found;
 Transported far into the deep,
 And in the ocean drown'd.
- 4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
 And face the Judge severe?
 When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
 O where shall I appear?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour,
 We may a place provide;
 Beyond the grave, beyond the power
 Of hell, our spirits hide:
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
 May view the final scene;
 For lo! the everlasting Rock
 Is cleft to take us in.

The final conflagration.

- 1 Stand th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend.
And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre.
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renew'd,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restor'd,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword:

List'ning for the call Divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

729

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

- 7 Filled with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

730

S. M.

WATTS.

Funeral of a Christian.

- 1 And must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

731

6s.

PHEBE CAREY.

Nearer my Home.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before.
I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day ;
Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the Jasper Sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.
- 4 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink ;
I may be nearer my home,
Nearer now than I think.

732

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Visions of heaven.

- 1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die :
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high,—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life Divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give ;
And to the healing leaves who come,
Eternally shall live.
- 4 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there !
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear :
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb,
And every shining front displays
Th' unutterable name.
- 5 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain :—
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

733

11s.

MUHLENBERG.

"I would not live alway."

- 1 I would not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway : no—welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me
arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul !

734

L. M.

S. WESLEY, J.

Funeral of a youth. 1 Peter i. 24, 25.

- 1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

735

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Funeral of a Christian. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Them the Spirit hath declar'd
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.
- 3 Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head has gone before;
Reconcil'd by grace below,
Grace had open'd Mercy's door.
- 4 Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven.

736

C. M.

WATTE.

1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.

- 1 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 2 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
• None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

Life, the Day of Grace.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

738

C. M.

WATTS.

Hell.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell through all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.
- 4 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

739

7,6.

BISHOP PAYNE.

On the death and burial of a friend.

- 1 Sleep, thou dust and ashes, sleep,
When the trump shall wake the dead;
Pure-immortal, thou shalt leap
From thy narrow, earthy bed,
Like an angel thou shalt fly
Far above the starry sky.

- 2 Grant, Thou Triune Deity,
 We, with him, may then arise,
 Hear Thee in benignity
 Bid us reign above the skies,
 Strike our golden harps above,
 In the bright abodes of love.

740

10,10,11,11.

C. WESLEY.

Funeral of a Christian.

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done, The spirit is fled ;
 The pris'ner is gone, The Christian is dead ;
 The Christian is living, Through Jesus' love,
 And gladly receiving A kingdom above.
- 2 Then let us record The conquering name ;
 Our Captain and Lord With shoutings proclaim :
 Who trust in his passion, And follow our
 Head,
 To certain salvation We all shall be led.
- 3 O Jesus ! lead on Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown Of righteousness
 there,
 Where, dazzled with glory, The seraphim
 gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee, In silence of praise.
- 4 Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away To mansions on high :
 The kingdom be given, The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven Eternally thine.

741

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Funeral of a Christian sister.

- 1 Lo! the pris'ner is releas'd,
 Lighten'd of her fleshly load :
Where the weary are at rest,
 She is gather'd into God !
Lo! the pain of life is past,
 All her warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suff'ring are no more.
- 2 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up of life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds her God, and sits, and sings,
 Triumphing in paradise.
- 3 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain :
Sister! friend! by Jesus freed,
 Death, to thee, to us, is gain :
Thou art enter'd into joy :
 Let the unbelievers mourn ,
We in songs our lives employ
 Till we all to God return.

742

10,5,11.

C. WESLEY.

Funeral of a Christian brother.

- 1 Hosanna to God, In his highest abode :
All heaven be join'd
T' extol the Redeemer and Friend of man-
kind !
He claims all our praise, Who in infinite grace
Again hath stoop'd down
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.
- 2 Our friend is restor'd To the joy of his Lord,
With triumph departs,
But speaks by his death to our echoing
hearts :
Follow after, he cries, As he mounts to the
skies,
Follow after your friend
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall
end.
- 3 Through Jesus' name Our comrade o'ercame,
And Jesus is ours,
And arms us with all his invincible powers :
He looks from the skies, He shows us the
prize,
And gives us a sign
That we shall o'ercome by the mercy Divine.
- 4 For us is prepar'd The angelical guard ;
The convoy attends—
A minist'ring host of invisible friends—
Ready-wing'd for their flight To the regions
of light,
The horses are come,
The chariots of Israel, to carry us home.

743

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Funeral of a minister.

- 1 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?—
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My Church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

744

8s.

- 1 Away with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear ;
The day of eternity come.

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode ;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, rais'd by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord :
The city so holy and clean.
No sorrow can breathe in the air :
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there !

- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here :
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear :
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

- 4 No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus' beauties display
A pure and a permanent light :
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo ! by reflection they shine ;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence Divine !

The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward :
In Jesus, in heaven they live ;
They reign in the smile of their Lord :

The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus' face;
 And all the enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze!

745

8s.

C. WESLEY.

Rev. xxii. 17.

- 4 The Church in her militant state
 Is weary, and cannot forbear!
 The saints in an agony wait,
 To see Him again in the air!
 The Spirit invites in the bride
 Her heavenly Lord to descend,
 And place her enthron'd at his side,
 In glory that never shall end.
- 2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry:
 O Jesus, in triumph appear:
 Appear in the clouds of the sky!
 Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come;
 And give me a mansion above;
 And take to my heavenly home!

746

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

Funeral of a child.

- 1 Thy life I read, my gracious Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in every word,
 Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love :
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill ;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine :
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine!

747

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Funeral of an aged minister.

- 1 "Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came :
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell,—but felt no fear.

- 2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourned for sin :
It kindled and it silenc'd strife,
Made war and peace within.
- 4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.
- 5 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

- 6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

748

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears

- The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come :
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom !"
- 4 O may we thus be found,
 Obedient to his word ;
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

749

C. M.

WATTS.

Funeral of a Christian.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd every bed :
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?

- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

750

S. M.

Prepare us for that day.

- 1 Behold! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come;
The' archangel sounds the dreadful trump
And wakes the gen'ral doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread;
The frightened dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appal;
They quake, they shriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,—
To watch, and wait, and pray.

751

C. M.

DICKSON.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence?
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

- 8 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright, shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

752

C. M.

WATTS.

Faith contemplating Heaven.

- 1 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon His word ;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

753

C. M.

WATTS.

Death made desirable.

- 1 Jesus! the vision of Thy face,
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek
And glory in my soul.

754

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Time and Eternity.

- 1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at Thy bar :
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

755

C. M.

HEBER.

A Warning from the Grave.

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn : thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

- 4 Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven—or hell.

756

10s.

MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's
hour.
- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is
done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is
won.
- 3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave:—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect
love,
And open vision for the written word.

757

L. M.

WATTS.

God eternal, and Man mortal. Ps. 90.

- 1 Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
High was thy throne e'er heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began
Or dust was fashion'd into man :
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just—
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away : our life 's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleans'd by grace, we all may be
Prepar'd to die, and dwell with thee.

758

12s & 11s.

HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

- 1 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb ;

The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Saviour
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion
forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lin-
ger'd long ;

But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright
on thy waking,

And the sound thou didst hear was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
depire thee ;

Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian,
thy Guide ;

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-
store thee ;

And death has no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

759

P. M.

POPE

The dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark !—they whisper ; angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away ; ”
What is this absorbs me quite ?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
“ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

760

C. M.

WATTS.

Scenes of the resurrection.

- 1 How long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just ?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Lo ! I behold the scatter'd shades :
The dawn of heaven appears :
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around:
 The skies divide to make him room:
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
 And, lo! the graves obey;
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute th' expected day.
- 5 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them, cloth'd in white:
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.

761

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The living and the dead.

- 1 Where are the dead? In heaven or hell
 Their disembodied spirits dwell!
 Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,
 Reserv'd until the judgment day.
- 2 Who are the dead? The sons of time
 In every age and state and clime—
 Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot—
 The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living? On the ground
 Where prayer is heard and mercy found,
 Where, in the compass of a span,
 The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living? They whose breath
 Draws every moment nigh to death:
 Of endless bliss or wo the heirs,
 O what a solemn state is theirs!

5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ, and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

762

C. M.

ANON.

1 *Thess.* iv. 13, 14.

- 1 Take comfort, Christians, when your friends!
In Jesus fall asleep:
Their better being never ends:
Then why dejected weep?
Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 2 As Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.
The time draws nigh when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 Then they who live shall changed be
And they who sleep shall wake:
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake:
The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high:
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

- 4 Together, to their Father's house,
 With joyful hearts they go,
 And dwell for ever with the Lord,
 Beyond the reach of wo.
 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore,
 Where death-divided friends, at last,
 Shall meet to part no more.

763

11,12.

MILMAN.

The judgment.

- 1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
 fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
 his ire : .
 Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of
 cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of God-
 head are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are
 pour'd
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the
 Lord ;
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
 there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic-
 tory wear !
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
 all heard :
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel
 are stirr'd !

From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come
forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his
word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven!

CHRISTMAS.

764

C. M.

PATRICK.

Luke ii. 8-14.

1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, on high,
And thus address'd their song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

765

11s.

The birth of Christ. Luke ii. 11-16.

- 1 Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of
triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of Life to
meet;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and
Saviour,
O, come, and let us worship at his feet.

- 2 O, Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and reverence are an offering
meet,
Now is the WORD made flesh, and dwells
among us,
O, come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O, come, and let us worship at his feet.

766

C. M.

TISBUR.

Angels' Song. Luke ii. 8-14.

- 1 "Shepherds, rejoice; lift up your eyes
And send your fears away,
News from the regions of the skies—
Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you!
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne:
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
 The heavenly armies throng:
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song:
- 6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise?
 O may we lose these useless tongues
 When we forget to praise.

767

L. M.

CAMPBELL.

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill,—
 When Bethleh'm's shepherds through the
 night
 Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry night,—
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
 A voice of more than mortal sound
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.
- 3 Then swift to every startl'd eye
 New streams of glory light the sky;
 Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
 Her spirits on the midnight hour.

- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang.
- 5 O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn:
Behold! she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 7 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.
- 8 O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

768

30th 11,10,11,10.

HEBER.

The star in the East.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
ing,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden and off'rings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the hearts adoration;
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

769

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Design and object of His advent.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
 The Saviour, promis'd long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyes oppress'd with night
 To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

The guiding Star.

- 1 Bright was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flow'ry meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are giv'n:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heav'n.

771

8,7,8,7.

CAWOOD.

The incarnation.

- 1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
O! receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth:
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

772

7,6.

J. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son,
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us in LOVE.

773

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 When, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinners wandering eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, mine all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever, and for evermore—
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!
-

BIRTHDAYS.

774

7,7,7,7,7.

Birth of a child.

- 1 Gentle stranger, fearless come
 To our quiet, happy home;
 Bud of being, beauteous flower,
 Sprung to birth this smiling hour,

While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.

- 2 Saviour, from thy heav'nly throne
Smile upon this little one;
Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy high abode.

775

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Birth of a child.

- 1 Father of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who has intrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss:
- 2 Poor worms of earth, to thee we cry
For grace to guide what grace has giv'n;
We ask for wisdom from on high
To train our infant up for heav'n.
- 3 Him let us tend severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth;
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:
- 4 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
Discharge the Christian's parents part;
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

776

7s.

FAWCETT.

A birthday hymn. Acts 26: 22.

- 1 I my Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thine unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise:
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest:
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

Birthday.

- 1 God of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise!
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

- 2 A clod of living earth,
 I glorify thy name,
 From whom alone my birth,
 And all my blessings came:
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

- 3 Long as I live beneath,
 To thee O let me live,
 To thee my every breath
 In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

- 4 My soul and all its powers,
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
 All, all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

778

11,9.

C. WESLEY.

Birthday of a consort.

- 1 Come away to the skies, My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou was born :
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.
- 2 We have laid up our love And our treasure
above,
Though our bodies continue below :
The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember
his word,
And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 With singing we praise The original grace
By our Heavenly Father bestow'd ;
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we are Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom Divine :
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.
- 5 With thanks we approve The design of thy
love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus' name ;
So united in heart That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 16 There, there at his feet We shall suddenly
meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly
choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

- 7 Hallelujah we sing to our Father and King,
 And his rapturous praises repeat:
 To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
 Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!
- 8 In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
 Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,
 From our graves we shall see, And cry out,
 "It is he!"
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

779

7s.

KELLY.

A victorious Saviour.

- 1 Crowns of glory ever bright
 Rest upon the Conqueror's head;
 Crowns of glory are his right,—
 His, "who liveth and was dead."
- 2 He subdued the powers of hell;
 In the fight he stood alone:
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.
- 3 His the battle, his the toil;
 His the honors of the day;
 His the glory and the spoil:
 Jesus bears them all away.
- 4 Now proclaim his deeds afar;
 Fill the world with his renown:
 His alone the victor's car;
 His the everlasting crown.

FASTS AND THANKSGIVINGS.

780

C. M.

WREFORD.

For the Fourth of July.

- 1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most!
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend!

781

C. M.

BRADY & TATE

For the Fourth of July. Psalm xliv. 1-4.

- 1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than theirs.

- 2 'Twas not their courage nor their sword
To them salvation gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save.
- 3 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implor'd;
Thy presence with the favor'd race,
Who thy great name ador'd.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our sovereign King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

782

S. M.

MARSH.

- 1 God is in Judah known,
Israel extols his name,
In Salem he has placed his throne,
In Zion lives his fame.
- 2 There did he break the shield,
The battle and the bow;
There to his glorious might shall yield
The desolating foe.
- 3 There is the spoiler spoil'd,
The proud have slept their sleep;
There are the men of battle foil'd,
In one promiscuous heap.
- 4 When thy rebuke is heard,
Both horse and car expire;

Thou God of Jacob shalt be fear'd ;
O who shall meet thine ire ?

- 5 Heaven utter'd thy decree,
Earth, trembling, paused to hear :
Soon shall the world thy judgments see,
Thy saints no more shall fear.

783

7s.

SAC. LYRICS.

National Thanksgiving.

- 1 Swell the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land :
Kept by him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey—
Never feel oppression's rod—
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

784

C. M.

HABT.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 Lord, look on all assembl'd here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.
- 3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

785

C. M.

WATTA

National Fast.

- 1 Lord, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land;
Behold, thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?
- 2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.
- 3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

786

L. M.

STEELE.

Thanksgiving for peace.

- 1 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain ;
- 2 Thine eye, O God, looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
power ;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 3 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings
fled !)
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 4 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore :
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

787

S. M.

GIBBONS.

General Thanksgiving.

- 1 Through all the lofty sky,
Through all th' inferior ground,
Th' Almighty Maker shines confess'd,
And pours his blessings round.
- 2 Each year the teeming earth
With flowers and fruits is crown'd ;

And grass, and herbs, and harvests, grow
And send their joys around.

- 3 The world of waters yields
A rich supply of food,
And distant lands their treasures send
Upon the rolling flood.
- 4 To serve and bless our land
The elements conspire;
And mercies mix themselves with earth,—
With ocean, air, and fire.
- 5 O that the sons of men
To God their songs would raise,
And celebrate his power and love
In never-ceasing praise!

788

L. M.

PRESB. HYMNS.

National Praise.

- 1 We bless thy name, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.
- 2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hollow'd ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And lead them on their conqu'ring way.
- 3 We praise thee, that the gospel light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

- 4 When foes without, and foes within,
With threatening ills our lands have
press'd,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.
- 5 O God, preserve us in thy fear,
In troublous times our helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

789

C. M.

GIBBONS

Famine.

- 1 How hast thou, Lord, in righteous wrath
Blasted our promis'd joy:
The elements obey'd thy nod,
Our prospects to destroy.
- 2 The sun at thy dread order now
Darts down destructive fires,
Hills, plains, and vales are parched with
drought,
And blooming life expires.
- 3 Like burnished brass the heaven around
In angry terrors burns,
While earth appears a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.
- 4 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And show'rs of mercy send.

790

C. M.

BEDDOME

In Time of Pestilence.

- 1 The Lord in judgment now appears,
And spreads his wrath abroad ;
Sinners are filled with boding fears,
By righteous vengeance aw'd.
- 2 Seiz'd by inveterate disease,
What crowds of victims fall !
Insatiate death relentless preys,
Nor spares the great or small.
- 3 Lord, we our sin and guilt confess,
Yet mercy would implore ;
To mitigate our sore distress,
Display thy mighty pow'r.
- 4 Say, "'Tis enough," and give command—
Disease shall then retire,
And rosy health revive our land,
Now trembling at thine ire.

791

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Public fast.

- 1 O God, thy righteousness we own :
Judgment is at thy house begun !
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear :
We cannot in thy judgment stand ;
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

- 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray :
Unworthy to behold thy face ;
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace ;
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan
- 3 Lord, do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-neck'd and hard-hearted race ;
But O ! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck !
The soft'ning power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart !

792

C. M.

GIBBONS.

For American Independence.

- 1 Thy mighty arm, O God, was nigh
When we our foes assail'd :
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honors high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 2 The thund'ring horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain ;
And vict'ry flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty
towers,
Into our hands are giv'n ;
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of Heav'n.

- 4 The faithful tablet of our heart
These mercies shall record,
And never thence shall they depart,
Nor we forget the Lord.
- 5 To our young race we will proclaim
The mercies God has shown;
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.
- 6 Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threat'ning dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge, and their home.

793

C. M.

WATTS.

For Magistrates.

- 1 Eternal Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
- 3 The acts of pious rulers shine
With rays above the rest:
Where laws and liberties combine,
The people are made blest.

- 4 Nations on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward ;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

794

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

After a fire.

- I Eternal God ! our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow ;
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou !
- 2 Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
Do like a deluge pour ;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies ruin'd in an hour.
- 3 Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
Destruction rears its head ;
And blacken'd walls and smoking heaps
Through all the streets are spread.
- 4 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous ire ;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love
That snatch'd us from the fire.

- 5 O may we view with dauntless eyes
The last tremendous day,
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
In flames shall melt away.

795

L. M.

STEELE.

Prayer in Time of War.

- 1 With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile fields,
In vain, unless the Lord be there ;
Thine arm alone our land can shield.
- 2 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 3 Great God, the promis'd period bring,
Let standards be no more unfurl'd ;
Come, peace, and bless with balmy wing
The eastern and the western world.

796

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Impending judgments.

- 1 Sinners, the call obey,
The latest call of grace ;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race :
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials full of wrath Divine
Are bursting on your head.

- 2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,—
 The Rock of your salvation, struck
 And cleft to take you in:
 To shelter the distress'd
 He did the cross endure:
 Enter into the clefts, and rest
 In Jesus' wounds secure.
-

MORNING AND EVENING.

797

L. M.

KEN.

Morning.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And has refreshed me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

798

C. M.

WATTS.

Morning.

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats
The day renews the sound,—
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise :
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light !
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

799

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Morning.

- 1 Awake, my soul, to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

- 2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenceless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace ;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.
- 4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise ;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

800

S. M.

SCOTT.

Morning: Tribute of praise.

- 1 See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care,
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

801

7s.

ANON.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be Thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight ;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labor, watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

802

C. M.

WATTS.

Sabbath morning. Psalm v. 1-8.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye :
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

803

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Dedication to God, our Preserver. Ps. 3: 5.

- 1 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near !
- 2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame :
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?
- 3 O ! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice ;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

- 5 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

804

C. M.

KAPPA

Morning: Confident security.

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,—
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.
- 4 When ev'ning slumbers press mine eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
The Lord is with me still.

805

S. M.

Morning.

- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!
- 3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away!
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,—
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—One in Three,—
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

806

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Morning.

- 1 Giver and guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live!
- 3 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain:
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.
- 4 Pris'ner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus King.

807

L. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

808

L. M.

WATTS

Early Vows.

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

809

S. M.

J. LELAND.

Evening.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

810

L. M.

KEM.

Evening.

- 1 All praises to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve mine God, when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. .

811

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Evening.

- 1 Thou, Lord, hast bless'd my going out,
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 To THEE for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart :
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart !

812

7s.

G. W. DOANE.

The Night cometh. John 9 : 4.

- 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

813

L. M.

WATTS.

Evening. Psalm iv.

- 1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep :
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

814

7B.

R. W. HAMILTON.

Saturday Evening.

- 1 Now all chafing care shall cease,
Now worn toil obtain release,
With the world we now have done,
Since "the Sabbath draweth on."
- 2 This our "preparation" be :
Lord ! our hearts we bring to thee ;
May they to thyself be won,
While "the Sabbath draweth on."
- 3 At this hour, lo ! from their place
Myriad households seek thy face :
We adore thee not alone
That "the Sabbath draweth on."
- 4 When shall earth's blest Sabbath break ?
When its rest all tribes partake ?
See the bright'ning signal yon,
'Tis that "Sabbath draweth on."
- 5 And when nature sinks in death,
When heaves slow and faint our breath,
Brighter than e'er day yet shone,
Heavenly "Sabbath" then draw on !

815

C. M.

MRS. BROWNE.

Twilight Meditation.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care ;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful pray'r.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempest driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

816

C. M.

WATTS.

Evening Hymn. Ps. 141 : 2.

- 1 Dread Sovereign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'ring of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around ;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul ?
Alas ! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

817

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

*"And is a discerner of the thoughts and intents
of the heart."* Heb. iv. 12, 13.

- 1 All praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night :
Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
Of Uncreated light.
- 2 Each thought and deed, his piercing eyes,
With strictest search survey ;
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.

- 3 When thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we, with calm and sweet repose
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn uncloze,
And bless thee, ever bless'd.

818

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Evening.

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd:
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But, lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the rock of ages move!
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love!

S19

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Evening.

- 1 Omnipresent God ! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain :
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours !
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 2 O thou jealous God ! come down,
God of spotless purity ;
Claim and seize me for thine own,
Consecrate my heart to thee :
Under thy protection take ;
Songs in the night season give ;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake ;
Let me die to thee, and live.
- 3 Let me of thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart ;
O that I may sweetly wake,
With my Saviour in my heart !
O that I may know thee mine !
O that I may thee receive !
Only live the life Divine !
Only to thy glory live !

S20

L. M.

KEN.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the word, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.
- 4 O ! let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O ! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away ;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King.

821

C. M.

MASON.

Evening: Numberless mercies.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide ;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

822

L. M.

WATTS.

Evening: Memorials of His grace.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;
And every ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home :
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head :
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

823

S. M.

CURTIS'S COL.

Isaiah 26 : 3.

- 1 Another day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep ;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd !
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

824

L. M.

HEMANS.

Evening.

- 1 Father in heaven, as now the day
With all its cares hath pass'd away,
May sweetest songs of praise and pray'r
To thee my spirit's offering bear.
- 2 O may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour ;
And balmy sleep and visions blest,
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

825

8,4,9.

HEBER.

Evening.

- 1 God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !

Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night!
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us.
 This livelong night!

THE SEASONS.

826

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

New Year's day.

- 1 Let me alone another year
 In honor of thy Son,
 Who doth my Advocate appear
 Before thy gracious throne.
- 2 Thou hast vouchsaf'd a longer space,
 And spared the barren tree,
 Because for me my Saviour prays,
 And pleads his death for me.
- 3 Time to repent thou dost bestow ;
 But O the power impart !
 And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 4 I'd nail my passions to the cross,
 Where my Redeemer died ;
 And all things count but shame and loss
 For Jesus crucified.

- 5 Giver of penitential pain,
Before that cross I lie,
In grief determin'd to remain
Till thou thy blood apply.
- 6 Forgiv'ness on my conscience seal;
Bestow thy promis'd rest;
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest.

827

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

New Year's day.

- 1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
To give the year to thee.

828

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

New Year's day.

- 1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise !
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs :
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year ;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own.
Thy still continued care :
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are :
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.
- 3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee ;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiv'n,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

829

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,

While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year,

- 2 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light and ev'ning shade.
- 5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

S30

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY

Watch night.

Ye virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh."

- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are:
 Made ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend:
 Your dead to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face!
- 4 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above yon angel powers
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.
- 831** 10,5,11. C. WESLEY.
New Year's day.
- 1 Come, let us anew Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream;—Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away;
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, The moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

- 3 O that each in the day Of his coming may
 say,
 "I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me
 to do !"
 O that each from his Lord May receive the
 glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne."

832

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

New Year's day.

- 1 The Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days !
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground !
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word,
 To cut the fig-tree down,

The pity of the Lord
 Cried, "Let it still alone!"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace;
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space:
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo! we see another year!

5 Then dig about the root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound:
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear!

833

C. M.

WATTS.

Winter. Psalm cxlvii.

- 1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high:
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year:
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

- 4 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

834

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Close of the year.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near,
Then welcome, each declining day !
Welcome, each closing year !
- 3 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

835

C. M.

BROWNE.

End of the year.

- 1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

- 2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?
- 3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

S36

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watch night.

- 1 Join all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.
- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus giv'n,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heav'n.
- 3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

837

7s.

NEWTON.

New Year's day. Before sermon.

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,—
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwarp, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive :
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

838

7s.

NEWTON.

Summer.

- 1 See the corn again in ear,
How the fields and valleys smile ;

Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil:

- 2 Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinned, but thou art good.
- 3 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours;
He in season still affords
Kindly heat and gentle show'rs:
- 4 By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

839

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

- 1 Well doth a summer leaf explain
The transient state of feeble man:
We flourish fair in youthful bloom,
Till age and pallid autumn come.
- 2 He comes with sickness at his side,—
He withers all our verdant pride,
And, shaken by the stormy gust,
We drop, and crumble into dust.

840

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Seed-time.

- 1 Eternal God! we humbly bow
Before thy sacred throne:

From thee our varied comforts flow,
From thee, and thee alone.

- 2 We plead the promise in thy word,
That seed-time shall be giv'n :
Now verify thy promise, Lord,
And send us help from heav'n.
- 3 Then we will give thee lasting praise
For all thy love and care ;
Unite in fervent, grateful lays,
For prospects bright and fair.

841

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Praying for rain.

- 1 O Lord, in mercy spare
The herbage of the field ;
And, under thy paternal care,
May it abundance yield.
- 2 Restrain the burning ray,
And grant refreshing rains ;
Restore the verdure from decay,
And drench the parched plains.
- 3 Then we are praise will show,
To our preserver, God ;
Our songs of melody shall flow,
And spread his name abroad.

842

C. M.

WATTS.

Thanksgiving for rain. Psalm lxxv. 9-13.

- 1 Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;

Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield.
And the poor lab'ers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride.
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

843

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Song for the opening Year.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.
-

MISSIONS.

844

7,6,7,8.

HEBER

"Come over—and help us!"

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom, from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

845

C. M.

GILBERT.

Responding to the appeal.

1 The nations call! from sea to sea
 Extends the thrilling cry,
 "Come over, Christians, if there be,
 And help us, ere we die."

2 Our hearts, O Lord, the summons feel;
 Let hand with heart combine,
 And answer to the world's appeal
 By giving "that is thine."

- 3 Say to thy gifted servants, "Speed!
Behold the world your field;"
Say to the gold, "The Lord hath need,"
Till hoarded treasures yield.
- 4 Say to the slumb'ring soul, "Awake!
Ere wanes thy noon away;
Lo! soon I come th' account to take,
Ye stewards of a day."
- 5 Saviour, forgive; asham'd we lie,
Thy gracious will we know:
Behold, while we delay, they die!
Bid, bid us send, or go.

846

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

For "the dry bones of the house of Israel."

- 1 Messiah, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead
The promise made to Abrah'm's race,
To souls for ages dead.
- 2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear:
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.
- 3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God. their King
Their true Anointed One.
- 4 To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

847

L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Missionaries encouraged.

- 1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

848

8s, 7s, & 4.

S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary's Farewell.

- 1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure
Can I say a last farewell :
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I lov'd so well :
Far away, ye billows, bear me :
Lovely, native land, farewell :
Pleas'd I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor :
On the mountains, let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell :
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
Let the winds my canvass swell :
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell ;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

Meeting of Convention or Association.

- 1 Assembled at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand :
The voice that marshall'd every star
Has called thy people from afar.

- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

850

L. M.

The Missionary Angel. Rev. 14. 6.

- 1 That mighty angel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is giv'n,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring, cleaves the vault of heav'n.
- 2 And, say—shall aught impede his flight,
Or dim with clouds his flaming scroll?
No! not till Truth, with holy light,
Shall visit every heathen soul:
- 3 Not till blest Peace shall spring to birth,
Till Hatred sheathe his useless sword—
Not till the nations of the earth
Become the kingdom of the Lord.

851

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

For the Mohammedans.

- 1 Sun of unclouded righteousness,
 With healing in thy wings arise,
 A sad benighted world to bless,
 Which now in sin and error lies,
 Wrapp'd in Egyptian night profound,
 With chains of hellish darkness bound.
- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
 Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
 Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
 The souls by that imposter led,—
 That Arab thief, as Satan bold,
 Who quite destroy'd thy Asian fold.
- 3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
 For those who spurn the sprinkled blood:
 Assert thy glorious Deity!
 Stretch out thy arm, thou Triune God,
 E'en now the Moslem fiend expel,
 And chase his doctrine back to hell.
- 4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thou Three in One, and One in Three,
 Resume thy own, for ages lost,
 Finish the dire apostasy;
 Thy universal claim maintain,
 And Lord of the creation reign!

'852

7s.

BOWRING.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are:

Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star.
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ller, yes; it brings the day,
 Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Trav'ller, ages are its own,
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ller, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Trav'ller, lo! the Prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

853

7s.

MARSDEN.

"Go ye therefore"—Mat. xxviii: 19.

1 Go, ye messengers of God!
 Like the beams of morning fly,
 Take the wonder-working rod,
 Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Where th' aspirant minaret
 Gleams along the morning skies,

Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go! to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep!

4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heav'n ;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiv'n!

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea :
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free.

854

C. M.

WATTS.

The general Assembly of Saints.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,

Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

855

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

God giveth the increase.

1 Lord, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

- 2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel-blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

856

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Conversion of the Jews.

- 1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust:
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."
- 4 They come! they come!—thine exil'd bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

857

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Success.

- 1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!
- 2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way:
More and more it spreads and grows
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought.
Worthy is the work of Him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.
- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;

Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

858

11s & 10s.

SPIR. SONGS.

Dawn of the Millennium.

- 1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning ;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning ;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning ;
Long by the prophets of Isr'el foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning ;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing ;
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing ;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

859

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"One fold under one Shepherd."

- 1 Father of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd.
- 2 A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.
- 3 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord,—
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
- 4 Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.
- 5 Belov'd for Jesus' sake,
By him redeem'd of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
- 6 While gather'd in by thee
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thy coëqual Son.

"The morning cometh."

- 1 Glory to God, whose sov'reign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Call'd us to stand before his face,
And rais'd us into Abrah'm's sons.
- 2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day,
In Jesus' lovely face display'd.
- 3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.
- 4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought:
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from naught.
- 5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is giv'n;
For this the hosts above rejoice:
We raise the happiness of heav'n.
- 6 For this, (no longer sons of night,)
To thee our thankful hearts we give,
To thee, who call'dst us into light:
To thee we die, to thee we live.

861

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Hebrew missionaries.

- 1 Almighty God of love,
Set up th' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers Divine.
- 2 From favor'd Abrah'm's seed
The new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.
- 3 O send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home!
From East, and West, and South, and North,
Let all the wand'ers come:
- 4 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfill'd,
The family complete!

862

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Treasure in Heaven.

- 1 Yes, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store—
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.
- 2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight!

Isaiah ii. 1-5.

- 1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round;
All tribes and tongues, shall flow :
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land :
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years :
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore :
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 7 Come, then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

864

10s.

ANDERSON'S COL.

Messiah's Triumph. Isai. 11: 9.

1 From shore to shore shall Jesus stretch his
sway

His boundless blessings flow to every sea!

Lo! round his altar suppliant kings attend;

Before his throne obedient nations bend.

2 Through him, the curse in boundless bliss
shall end;

From evil, good—from darkness, light ascend;

Fresh springs of life in thirsty deserts flow,

And savage tribes th' immortal Saviour know.

3 Prostrate in dust his humbled foes shall lie,
Or send their hymns of transport to the sky,
And each blest land rehearse his praises o'er,
Till moons shall walk their evening round no
more.

865

8s & 7s.

CAWOOD,

The Heathen Crying for Help.

1 Hark! what mean those lamentations,

Rolling sadly through the sky?

'Tis the cry of heathen nations,—

“Come and help us or we die!”

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,

Christians! hear their dying cry;

And, the love of Christ constraining,

Haste to help them, ere they die.

866

L. M.

VOKR.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

- 1 Thy people, Lord, who trust Thy word,
And wait the smilings of Thy face,
Assemble round Thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of Thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to Thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast Thou not sworn to give Thy Son,
To be a light to Gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?
- 4 Hast Thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend;
That every tongue shall call Him Lord,
And every knee before Him bend?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Sion come;
Send forth Thy heralds far and near,
To call Thy banish'd children home.

867

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Song of Jubilee.

- 1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar:
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign :
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !
- 4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd His sword ! He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of His Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away !
- 6 Then the end—beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

S68

L. M.

COXE.

Approaching Millennium.

- 1 Behold the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

- 3 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labor share a part;
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love;
And humbly fall before His feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

869

8 & 7.

FRANCIS.

Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know:
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love.

870

L. M.

CASTLE STREET.

Millennium. Isa. xi, 5-9. Rev. xx. 4-10.

- 1 Look up, my soul, with glad surprise,
Towards the joyful, coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a glorious day.
- 2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The saints shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mingled with their joy.
- 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.
- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sev'ral rights no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sovereign, to adore.
- 5 Thus, till a thousand years are pass'd,
And Satan must be loos'd again;
Short is the time his reign shall last,
Ere he's confin'd in endless pain.
- 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone;
Angels at God's command shall fly,
To bless them with a conqu'ror's crown.

871

C. M.

BETHLEHEM.

Zion exalted above the Hills. Isa. xxii, 4.

- 1 O'er mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise—
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wand'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

872

7's.

LINCOLN.

- 1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore :
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banish'd grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

873

6,6,6,6,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Rapid extension.

- 1 Saviour, we know thou art
In every age the same :
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of thy name ;
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

- 2 Thy people, sav'd below
 From every sinful stain,
 Shall multiply and grow,
 If thy command ordain ;
 And one into a thousand rise,
 And spread thy praise through earth and
 skies.
- 3 In many a soul, and mine,
 Thou hast display'd thy power,
 But to thy people join
 Ten thousand thousand more ;
 Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
 In life and heart entirely clean.

874

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

"Thy kingdom come."

- 1 Saviour, whom our hearts adore,
 To bless our earth again,
 Now assume thy royal power,
 And o'er the nations reign :
 Christ, the world's Desire and Hope,
 Power complete to thee is giv'n ;
 Set the last great empire up,
 Eternal Lord of heav'n.
- 2 Where they all thy laws have spurn'd,
 Thy holiest name profan'd,
 Where the ruin'd world hath mourn'd
 With blood of millions slain :
 Open there th' ethereal scene,
 Claim the heathen tribes for thine ;
 There the endless reign begin
 With majesty Divine.

- 3 Universal Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless ;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess :
None shall in thy mount destroy :
War shall then be learned no more :
Saints shall their great King enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

875

L. M.

VOKR.

Missions to the Heathen.

- 1 Behold, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 "Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King."
- 2 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

876

L. M.

A. BALFOUR.

The Missionary charged and encouraged.

- 1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom ;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.
- 3 Go to the hungry—food impart ;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heav'nly light and love divine.
- 5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthron'd on high ;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

877

8's, 7's & 4's. P. WILLIAMS.

The acceptable Year.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer—never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

**DEDICATION OF CHURCHES AND LAYING OF
CORNER STONES.****878****L. M.****PALMER.***Dedication.*

- 1 Behold thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have rear'd for thee,
Regard it as thy resting-place,
And fill it with thy majesty.
- 2 When from its altars shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.
- 3 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays,
By making all thy glory known.
- 4 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.
- 5 Now, therefore, O our God, arise!
In this thy resting-place appear;
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

879

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Dedication.

- 1 And will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

880

C. M.

MANT.

Psalm xxvi. 6-8.

- 1 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thy altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.
- 2 Thy house is ever my delight,
Thy dwelling, O my God!
The place where, shrined in radiance bright,
Thy glory makes abode.

881

L. M.

G. ROBINSON.

Laying the foundation.

- 1 When to the exil'd seer was giv'n
A rapt'rous foregaze into heav'n,
And glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.
- 2 The New Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity ;
No sin to mourn, no grief to mar,—
God and the Lamb its temple are.
- 3 But we, frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim-heirs of guilt and woe,
Must seek a tabernacle, where
Our scatter'd souls may blend in prayer.
- 4 O Thou! who o'er the cherubim
Didst shine in glories veil'd and dim,
With purer light our temple cheer,
And dwell in unveil'd glory here.

882

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

A. BULMER.

Laying the foundation.

- 1 Thou who hast in Zion laid
The true Foundation-stone,
And with those a cov'nant made,
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, Architect Divine!
Great Builder of thy Church below:
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

- 2 Earth is thine: her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heav'n thy awful presence fills;
O'er all thy glory reigns;
Yet the place of old prepar'd,
By regal David's favor'd son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.
- 3 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name:
That great name by which we live
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

883

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxviii. 22, 23

- 1 Behold the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise :
 'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

884

6,6,6,6,8,8.

G. ROBINSON.

Dedication.

- 1 God of thine Israel true,
 Their pillar, shield, and rock,
 Who, all the desert through,
 Didst lead them like a flock ;
 In this our sanctuary dwell,
 Thou glorious, felt, invisible !
- 2 That holy peace shed down,
 The world can never give ;
 Thy truth with triumph crown,
 Command the dead to live ;
 And fill this consecrated place
 With living trophies of thy grace.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy flock,
 Our glorious leader be ;
 Our pillar, shield, and rock,
 Till the fair land we see :
 Ruler of heaven's eternal sphere,
 Be thou the guardian glory here !

885

S. M.

WATTS.

Psalms xlviii.

- 1 Great is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great :
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

886

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxxxii. 8, 15.

- 1 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.
- 2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word:
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

887

8s, 7s.

H. M. TURNER.

- 1 God of thunder and the lightning
Cloth'd in majesty divine,
To Thy feet we bring this tribute
Lord accept this house as thine.

CHORUS—Praises Saviour, praises Saviour,
We will give Thee evermore ;
Praises Saviour, praises Saviour,
We will give Thee evermore.

- 2 To Thy name, O Lord Jehovah,
We this temple dedicate ;
Lord receive this humble tribute,
Sanctify it, early, late.

CHORUS—Praises Saviour, &c.

- 3 Send Thy spirit, Lord, from heav'n,
Consecrate its sacred halls ;
Let Thy ever bidding presence
Dwell within these humble walls.

CHORUS—Praises Saviour, &c.

- 4 Here may thousands hear Thy gospel,
Preach'd in love and power divine,
While the glitt'ring choirs of heav'n
Swell Thy upper courts sublime.

CHORUS—Praises Saviour, &c.

- 5 Here may sinners be converted,
While we sing our Saviour's praise ;
May the deaf, the halt, the blinded,
Here their Ebenezer raise.

CHORUS—Praises Saviour, &c.

- 6 Now to God, the King Immortal—
Who reveals Himself to men;
Be the praise and glory giv'n,
While the angels shout, Amen.

CHORUS—Praises Saviour, &c.

888

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God's Earthly House. 1 Kings 8: 13.

- 1 Here, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O, choose it for thy fix'd abode,
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 5 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

889

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

I have put my name there forever. 1 Kings 9: 3.

- 1 Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise ;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest ;—
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

890

C. M.

SHEPHERD'S COL.

God dwelling among Men. 2 Chron. 6: 18.

- 1 Will God in very deed descend,
And dwell with men below ?
An ear to mortal worship lend ?
To us his glory show ?
- 2 While heaven's exalted spheres resound
With hymns which angels sing,
Will God in mercy so abound,
T' accept the praise we bring ?

- 3 Allow'd within thy courts to meet,
Thy presence we implore;
Smile on us from thy mercy-seat,
And we desire no more.
- 4 Here let thy gospel be declar'd;
Here make thy power be known;
May every heart, by grace prepar'd,
Be the Redeemer's throne.
- 5 Here make thyself a glorious name,
And form us for thy praise;
Thy promis'd presence, Lord, we claim,
And supplicate thy grace.

S91

L. M.

WATTS.

A House for God.

- 1 Where shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Here sinners, waiting at his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 4 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known
And blessings shall attend my word."

892

C. M.

J. R. SCOTT.

Divine Blessing solicited.

- 1 To thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God ;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise ;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord ;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.
- 4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.
- 5 Peace be within these sacred walls ;
Prosperity be here ;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

893

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God's guardian presence.

- 1 This stone to thee, in faith, we lay
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise ;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.

- 2 Within these walls let heav'nly peace
And holy love and concord dwell;
Here give the burden'd conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal.
- 3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone:
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

894

S. M.

BISHOP PAYNE.

Hymn for the Consecration of Churches.

- 1 Father of life, descend!
Within this sacred fane,
Before thy throne our spirits bend,
O here come down and reign!
- 2 Thou Son of God, descend!
And consecrate this place,
O make it Lord, till time shall end,
The temple of thy grace!
- 3 Spirit of light, descend!
And shed thy glory here,
Thine unction with our worship blend,
And waft to heav'n our prayer.
- 4 There let the gospel sound
Its tones of peace and love;
Spread holiness and life around,
And lift our hopes above.

- 5 Give to the blind their sight,
Bind up the broken heart,
The erring spirit guide aright,
And strength to all impart.
- 6 Bid the lame leap for joy,
The dead, awake and rise,
Let righteousness our lives employ,
Then lift us to the skies.
- 7 Make this, the house of God ;
Make this, the gate of heav'n.
To Thee, Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Our endless praise be giv'n.
-

LOVE-FEAST.

:895

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Love-feast.

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices, raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above ;
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive :
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.

We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land :
 We our dying Lord confess,
 We are Jesus' witnesses.

- 5 Witnesses that Christ hath died :
 We with him are crucified :
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quick'ning Spirit breathe :
 Christ is now gone up on high ;
 Thither all our wishes fly :
 Sits at God's right hand above ;
 There with him we reign in love.

896

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The heavenly Guest invited.

- 1 Saviour of all, to thee we bow,
 And own thee faithful to thy word ;
 We hear thy voice, and open now
 Our hearts to entertain our Lord.
- 2 Come in, come in, thou heavn'ly Guest ;
 Delight in what thyself hast giv'n ;
 On thy own gifts and graces feast,
 And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.
- 3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers ;
 Our sacrifice of praise approve ;
 And treasure up our gracious tears,
 Who rest in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit ;
 Call us thy friends, and love, and bride ;
 And bid us freely drink and eat
 Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

897

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Divine conformity.

- 1 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallow'd breast:
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.
- 2 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above:—
To walk in thee, the Truth, the Way,
And ever perfectly obey
Thy sweet constraining love.

898

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Love-feast.

- 1 Let us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up:
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 2 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies,
Only faith the grace applies;

Active faith that lives within;
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin:
Sanctifies, and makes us whole;
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

- 8 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heav'n already is begun,
Everlasting life is won:
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

899

C. M.

WATTS.

Christian Love.

- 1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But devils cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

900

7s.

C. WESLEY,

Love-feast.

- 1 Come, thou high and lofty Lord !
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word :
Humbly stoop to earth again :
Come and visit abject man !
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast :
For thyself our hearts prepare :
Come, and sit, and banquet there !
- 2 Jesus, we thy promise claim :
We are met in thy great name :
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here !
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless !
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;
Thou thyself within us move :
Make our feast a feast of love.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete ;
Make us all for glory meet—
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb :
 Let us lean upon thy breast ;
 Love be there our endless feast

901

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening the exercises.

- 1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by his grace,
 And bids us, each to each restor'd,
 Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And, gather'd into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove,
 The grace through every vessels flows
 In purest streams of love.
- 4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
 And cordially agree,
 United all through Jesus' name
 In perfect harmony.
- 5 We all partake the joy of one,
 The common peace we feel,
 A peace to sensual minds unknown,
 A joy unspeakable.
- 6 And if our fellowship below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know
 When round his throne we meet!

Love-feast.

- 1 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite :
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love :
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
Thee th' unholy cannot see :
Make, O make us meet for thee .
Ev'ry vile affection kill :
Root out every seed of ill ;
Utterly abolish sin ;
Write thy law of love within.
- 3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know .
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee :
Love, thine image, love impart !
Stamp it on our face and heart !
Only love to us be giv'n !
Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

Jesus, Abide with Me.

- 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :

Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My weari'd eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me, till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heav'n above.

904

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christians drawn with cords of Love.

1 My God, what gentle cords are Thine,
How soft, and yet how strong!
While pow'r, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One offering takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

905

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Mutual aid.

- 1 Come, wisdom, power, and grace Divine !
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band,
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.
- 2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire :
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptiz'd with heavenly fire.
- 3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on ;
Companions through the wilderness ;
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

906

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Mutual aid.

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctifi'd.

907

C. M.

SWAIN.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!
- 2 Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.

- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love.

908

C. M.

RAY PALMER.

Love to Christ's Disciples.

- 1 Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own ;
Didst love them to the end ;
Oh ! still from Thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.
- 2 As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warm'd by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all who bear Thy name.
- 3 One blessed fellowship in love
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.
- 4 Oh ! glorious day when she the bride,
With her dear Lord appears ;
When robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears.

909

L. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

Love your enemies. Matt. 5: 44-48.

- 1 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies ;
And, when thy rain from heav'n descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

- 2 Enlarge my soul with love like thine ;
My moral powers by grace refine ;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And, cheerful, feed a hungry foe.
 - 3 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done ;
O, may the grace that pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee !
-

PRAYER AND INVOCATION.

910

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

What is Prayer ?

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh.
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God.
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

911

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Opening the Exercises.

- 1 Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest foll'wer's call,
And O, instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou who call'dst a world from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in the Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.
- 3 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our heart a house of prayer,
The promis'd Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

- 4 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
To us who for thy coming stay ;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one—
We ask the constant power to pray :
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

912

8,7.

C. WESLEY.

"Come, Lord Jesus."

- 1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,—
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

913

L. M.

GREGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

914

L. M.

COWPER.

Opening the Exercises.

- 1 What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

915

S. M.

- C. WESLEY.

Wants.

- 1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

916

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,8.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun :
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe.
Every moment, Lord, I want,
The merit of thy death.

- 2 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven :
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,—
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

917

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Come quickly."

- 1 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own ;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thy everlasting throne.

- 2 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

918

7s.

C. WESLEY.

For reviving grace.

- 1 Light of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

919

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Revelation iii. 14-19.

- 1 God of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold?
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

- 2 A lifeless form we still retain ;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain ;
The power of godliness is lost.
- 3 Better that we had never known
The way to heav'n through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.
- 4 O let us our own works forsake,
Ourselves and all we have deny,
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee, pure gold to buy !
- 5 O may we through thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove,
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love !

Isaiah xxxiii. 24.

- 1 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
- 2 Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

921

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

Lord's Prayer.

- 1 Our Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply
While by the word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine shall for ever be
Glory and power Divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth, are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
" All for his sake be done."

922

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm lxxiii. 1-4.

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

923

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O, the storm is high!

Save me from the furious blast ;
A covert from the tempest be :
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place ;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace !
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin :
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

924

8s.

C. WESLEY.

Longing for Christ's appearing.

1 O when shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest !
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distressed !
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

- 2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleas'd to reveal
The light of his heavenly face,—
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.
- 3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone.
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

925

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Thy kingdom come." Mat. 6: 10.

- 1 Father of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love:
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons three;
And glorify the great I AM
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

- 4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
Thy peace our passions bind;
And let us, in thy joy unknown,
The first dominion find.
- 5 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

926

C. M.

"Lighten mine eyes." Psl. 13: 3.

- 1 O sun of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thine all-piercing beam:
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free:
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Coëqual One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to thee.

927

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Purge me—and I shall be clean." Psl. 51 : 7.

- 1 My God, my God, to thee I cry ;
Thee only would I know ;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean ;
Purge my iniquity :
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine ?
Answer, if mine thou art !
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Behold for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide ;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

928

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The benediction. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 The merit of Jehovah's Son
Be on his Church bestowed :
Jesus, through thy free grace alone
We have access to God :
To favor now through thee restor'd,
O may we still retain
The mercy of our pard'ning Lord,
And never sin again !

- 2 Father, thy love in Christ reveal,
Which spake us justified :
And let the gift unspeakable
In all our hearts abide :
Humbly we trust thy faithful love
Thy children to defend,
And hide our life with Christ above,
And keep us to the end.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, supply the want
Of all thy saints and me,
In all thy gifts and graces grant
Us fellowship with thee :
The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
We look for thee again,
In us eternally to dwell,
Eternally to reign.

929

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

The universal Good invoked.

- 1 Come, O thou universal Good !
Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home,—
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin !
- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight !
My strength and health, my shield and sun ;
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

- 3 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart!
The name inscrib'd in the white stone!
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

930

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The benediction. Num. vi. 24-26.

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.
Thy favor, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore:
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.
- 2 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.

That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiv'n;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heav'n!

931

P. M.

BISHOP PAYNE

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 Haste thee! haste thee, hour divine!
Joys extatic, bliss is thine!
And raptures from the throne above.
Sweeter thou, than life to me,
When the world and cares do flee,
And Jesus speaks in tones of love.
O time of prayer! O hour divine!
Extatic joys and bliss are thine.
- 2 Brighter thou, than sunny rays,
Holiest time of all my days,
O! hour of love and joy, draw nigh.
Spread my faith thy eagle wing,
Speed thee where the angels sing,
Where Jesus pleads my cause on high.
O time of prayer! O hour divine!
Extatic joys and peace are thine.
- 3 Now is come the hour of prayer,
O Thou gracious Saviour hear;
Stoop thee from thy throne above,
Bless me, bless me, Son of God!
Shed within my heart abroad,
Thy saving grace, thy dying love.
O time of prayer! O hour divine!
Extatic joys and peace are thine.

- 4 O Jesus! Thou my portion art,
Sun of my life—joy of my heart.
I pray thee, come, O God of love!
Exalt my thoughts, my hopes—my soul.
Higher than where the planets roll,
Quite to thy dazzling throne above.
O time of prayer! O hour divine!
Extatic joys and peace are thine.

932

7s.

NEWTON.

Wrestling.

- 1 Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now!
Who could hold me up but thou?

- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No : I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

933

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Thy will be done." Mat. 6 : 10.

- 1 Thy presence, Lord, the place shall fill,
My heart shall be thy throne ;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.
- 2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.
- 3 I have the things I ask of thee,
What shall I more require ?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.
- 4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home ;
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!

934

S. M.

HEATH.

Watch and Pray. Mat. 24: 41.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

935

C. M.

"I will not let thee go." Gen. 32: 26.

- 1 As Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now—
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let thee go.
- 2 I come, encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show:
Except thou bless me, blessed Lord,
I will not let thee go.

- 3 I come to ask forgiveness free,
 Though I have been thy foe :
 Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
 I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to open all my wounds,
 My sorrows and my wo :
 Except thy healing grace abounds,
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 I come to tell thee all my fears
 And conflicts here below :
 Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
 I will not let thee go.
- 6 I come to ask for all thy love,
 And all thou canst bestow :
 Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
 I will not let thee go.

936

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

At the cross.

- 1 Here will I ever lie,
 And tell thee all my care,
 And, " Father, Abba, Father ! " cry,
 And pour a ceaseless prayer :
 Till thou my sins subdue,
 Till thou my sins destroy,
 My spirit after God renew,
 And fill with peace and joy.

937

L. M.

ANON.

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

- 1 O sun of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in Thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with Thy blood,
And be our advocate with God.
- 3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness ;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

938

C. M.

JUDSON.

Lord's Prayer.

- 1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallow'd be Thy name !
Thy kingdom come : Thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same !
- 2 Give us, this day, our daily bread ;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not :
From evil set us free ;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory, ever be.

939

L. M.

POPE'S COL.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 Father, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
And let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour !
Thy kind protection we implore :
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Be thine the glory evermore.

940

S. M.

SAC. LYRICS.

Prayer at Dawn of Day. Mark 1 : 35.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer !
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

941

C. M.

NEWTON.

The prodigal son. Luke 15: 18.

- 1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent:
They stopt the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here."
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face:
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back—
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive;"—
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead."
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,—
My son was dead, but lives again—
Was lost, but now is found."

942

C. M.

STEELE.

Watchfulness and Prayer. Mat. 24: 41.

- 1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heav'n I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismay'd.
- 4 Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in Thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee:
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

943

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Jam. 5: 13.

- 1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

944

C. M.

STENNETT,

The only plea.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt:
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

945

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Lord, teach us to pray. Luke 11: 1.

- 1 Lord, teach thy servants how to pray
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must to thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee;
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give—what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone.

- 5 Give patience still, to wait and weep,
 Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done :
 Thus strength'ned with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

946

L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat. Exod. 25 : 22.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

ON READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

947

L. M.

WATTS.

Psalm xix.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

948

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Treasury of the word.

- 1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
Vouchsafe to us, in this our age,

The Spirit of thy word t' impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

- 2 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 The living God through sin forsake,
 Our conscience by thy word reprove,
 Convince, and bring the wand'ers back ;
 Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
 And then by Gilead's balm restor'd.
- 3 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
 Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
 And train us up in all thy ways,
 To make us in thy will complete :
 Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
 And bring us to a perfect man.
- 4 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
 O may we always ready stand
 To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
 In what their various states demand !
 To teach, convince, correct, reprove ;
 And build them up in holiest love !

949

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Learning and holiness combined.

- 1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry ;
 The good desired and wanted most,
 Out of thy richest grace supply !
 The sacred discipline be given
 To train and bring them up for heaven.

- 2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew;
And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 3 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain;
In every solid truth abide.
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 4 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combin'd,
And truth and love let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live!

950

C. M.

COWPER.

Light and glory of the sacred page.

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
 The steps of Him we love,
 Till glory break upon our view
 In brighter worlds above.

951

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Before sermon.

- 1 Father of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe.
 One bright, celestial ray dart down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
 (We search with trembling awe!)
 Open our eyes, and let us see
 The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear;
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
 Which here by faith we know;
 Let us in Jesus see thy face,
 And die to all below.

952

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

"Search the Scriptures." John 5: 39.

- 1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied.
- 4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

953

C. M.

STEELE.

Delighting in the word.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
 And yields a free repast,
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

954

C. M.

WATTS.

Psalm cxix.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day ;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

955

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Universal dissemination.

- 1 Jesus, the word bestow,
 The true immortal seed ;
 Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
 And all our land o'erspread ;
 Through earth extended wide
 Shall mightily prevail,
 Destroy the works of self and pride,
 And shake the gates of hell.

- 2 Its energy exert
 In the believing soul ;
 Diffuse thy grace through every part,
 And sanctify the whole :
 Its utmost virtue show
 In pure consummate love,
 And fill with all thy life below,
 And give us thrones above.

956

7s.

J. BURTON.

Holy Bible ! book divine !

- 1 Holy Bible ! book divine !
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !
 Mine, to tell me whence I came,
 Mine, to tell me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love :
 Mine art thou to guide my feet,
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless :
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom :
 O thou precious book divine !
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !

957

C. M.

FAWCETT.

The Bible Precious.

1 How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration giv'n !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

958

C. M.

WATTS.

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

- 1 Laden with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command:
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

959

C. M. DEDHAM. MEDFORD.

Revelation welcomed.

- 1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet ;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 Oh ! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze ;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

960

L. M.

DUKE STREET.

Divine Authority of the Bible.

- 1 'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind :
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word—and must endure.

961

11s.

ANON.

The Bible.

- 1 The Bible ! the Bible ! more precious than
gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold ;
It speaks of a Saviour and tells of His love ;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

- 2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of
youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere th' heart is enslaved in the bondage of
vice.
- 3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall
employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its
worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
- 4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and
rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our
schools.

962

P. M.

ANON.

We'll not give up the Bible.

- 1 We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love
And leads us home to God.
- CHORUS.—We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth.

- 2 We'll not give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From perishing in hell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hope of heaven,
That through the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
- 3 We'll not give up the Bible,
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide ;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part.
-

FAREWELL.

963

L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

Joyful in hope.

- 1 While in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away ;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

- 3 Then let us here improve these hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

964

L. M.

WHITE.

Parting.

- 1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart :
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more ;
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

965

C. M.

ANON.

Hope of Reunion above.

- 1 When floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driv'n,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heav'n.
- 2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubl'd breast be calm ;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.
- 3 Her hallow'd influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom ;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

- 4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.
- 5 She bids the anguish'd heart rejoice :
Though earthly ties are riv'n,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heav'n.

966

L. M.

ANON.

Farewell of minister.

- 1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you :
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss,
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love :
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That we shall all soon meet above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
- 5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you :
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you:
O turn, and find salvation near.

967

11s.

A. MEANS.

The preacher's farewell.

- 1 How swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly,
As weeks, months, and seasons roll silently
by!
Our days are soon number'd, and death
sounds our knell:
We scarce know our friends, till we bid them
“farewell.”
- 2 The righteous and wicked move swiftly
along,
In crowds to the grave, both the old and the
young.
The good rise to heaven,—the bad sink to
hell!
They take on life's verge an eternal farewell!
- 3 O God! are the nations all bound for the
tomb!
Must hard-hearted sinners soon meet their
dread doom!
Save, save, great Redeemer!—O break the
sad spell!
Forgive, and prepare them to bid earth
“farewell.”

- 4 Farewell, fellow-sinners, we're free from
your blood;
Our message deliver'd, we leave you with
God.
We've begg'd and persuaded, but cannot
compel:
Till judgment-day, therefore, we bid you
"farewell."
- 5 O think on the scenes which await you in
death:
The cold, clammy sweat, and the quick, pant-
ing breath,
The winding-sheet, coffin, and slow-tolling
bell:
Your last, solemn, fearful, eternal "farewell!"
- 6 To you, fellow-Christians, I turn with de-
light:
The grave cannot harm you, your prospects
are bright.
Be faithful and humble,—temptations repel:
You'll soon leave the world with a smiling
"farewell."
- 7 Farewell, then, my brethren, in body we
part,
But one common Saviour unites us in heart:
Through grace we will conquer the world,
flesh, and hell,
And then bid this earth a triumphant "fare-
well."

- 3 Farewell to its labors—farewell to its cares,—
 Its thousand misfortunes, temptations, and
 snares :
 We'll mount on faith's pinions, with angels
 to dwell,
 Where saints never hear the sad parting
 "farewell."

968

C. M.

ANON.

Parting.

- 1 Lord, when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heavenly grace,
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
 That we must part again,
 O let thy gracious presence still
 With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
 Bound with the cords of love,
 Till we around thy gracious throne
 Shall joyous meet above.
- 4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
 Shall then for ever fly,
 And not one thought that we should part,
 Once intercept our joy.
- 5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire :
 But in seraphic, heav'nly strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

- 6 And thus, through all eternity,
 Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
 Jehovah, we'll adore.

969

C. M.

A Minister or Brethren parting on earth.
Acts 20: 36-3.

- 1 Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell,
 Since you and I must part;
I go away, but here you stay;
 But still we're join'd in heart.
- 2 Your love to me has been so free,
 Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey, where
 With you I cannot meet!
- 3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd
 To do my work below;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
 Be ready then to go.
- 4 I leave you all, both great and small,
 To Christ's encircling arms,
Which can you save from hell's dark grave,
 And shield you from all harms.
- 5 I trust you'll pray, both night and day
 And keep your garments white,
That you and me, and all may be
 The children of the light.

- 5 If I'm call'd home, while I am gone,
Indulge no grief for me ;
My soul shall go where pleasures flow,
And blest forever be.
- 7 I long to go ; then farewell, wo,
My soul shall be at rest,
No more complain or sigh again,
But be forever blest.
- 8 There we shall meet in bliss complete,
And long together dwell,
To love the Lord with one accord ;
So, brethren, all farewell.

970

11s.

ANON.

- 1 Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at
hand,
That we must all part from this social band.
Our several engagements now call us away
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for
awhile,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence
smile ;
But when we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, when wrestling
with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
charg'd,
The war will be ended, your treasures en-
larged ;

With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may
 roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed
 for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your captain's before you, he'll lead you to
 peace.

5 The world and the devil, and hell all unite,
And bold persecution will try you to fright,
But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger
 than they,
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourner, with sad broken
 heart,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part,
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all
 around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump
 shall sound;
To meet you in glory, I'll give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

971

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

At table.

- 1 Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good,
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling, taste our food.
- 2 Trembling, we taste ; for ah ! no more
To thee the creatures lead :
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.
- 3 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give ;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live.
- 4 Turn the full stream of nature's tide :
Let all our actions tend
To thee, their source ; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.
- 5 Earth, then, a scale to heaven shall be ;
Sense, shall point out the road ;
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

972

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for a sick child.

- 1 Jesus, great healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear,
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his prayer.

- 2 I look for help from thee alone,
To thee for succor fly;
My son is sick—my darling son—
And at the point to die.
- 3 Surely, if thou pronounce the word,
If thou the answer give,
My dying son shall be restored,
And to thy glory live.
- 4 O save the father in the son,
Restore him, Lord, to me;
My heart the mercy then shall own,
And give him back to thee.

973

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Household consecrated to God.

- 1 The power to bless my house
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rend'ring him my constant vows
He sends his blessings down.
- 2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word,—
- 3 To ask with faith and hope
The grace which he supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?
- 4 Let each his sin eschew,
Through thy restraining grace,
Our father Abrah'm's steps pursue,
And walk in all thy ways.

- 5 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with blood Divine,
To ask thy promis'd aid.
- 6 Me and my house receive,
Thy family t' increase,
And let us in thy favor live,
And let us die in peace.

974

L. M.

ANON.

On changing place of abode.

- 1 Sole Sov'reign of the earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix thou the place of our abode,
But let it still be near our God.
- 2 On earth we weary pilgrims roam,
Nor find, nor hope, a lasting home;
We seek a house not made with hands,
A heavenly house, which ever stands.
- 3 Yet while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow;
And when our destin'd race is run,
Assign us mansions near thy throne.

975

C. M.

COLLYER.

A religious household.

- 1 Happy the Christian family
Where faith and love abound:
It rises like a lofty tree,
With living foliage crown'd.

- 2 With verdant leaf, with tow'ring head,
The parent-stem shall grow,—
His branches all around him spread,
His root deep fix'd below.
- 3 No blight shall hurt the tender shoot,
Nor wasting drought destroy ;
No secret worm shall nip the root
Or blossom of his joy.
- 4 From day to day, from year to year,
The stately tree shall rise ;
Till gather'd from this earthly sphere,
And planted in the skies.

976

7s.

C. WESLEY

A religious household.

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of peace ;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us, then, with joy remove
 To the family above ;
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Show how true believers die.

977

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

At table.

1 Thou art that bread of life,
 That meat which shall remain :
 Be it our only care and strife
 Thy blessed self to gain.

2 Give, Lord, and always give
 Th' immortalizing food,
 And strengthen us by grace to live
 The glorious life of God.

978

7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

Death of a child. 2 Sam. 12: 23.

1 Wherefore should I make my moan,
 Now the darling child is dead ?
 He to early rest has gone,
 He to paradise is fled :
 I shall go to him, but he
 Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
 God recalls the precious loan,

God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own :
Surely what he wills is best !
Happy in his will, I rest.

- 3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord !
Let him do as seems him good ;
Be thy holy name ador'd,
Take the gift awhile bestowed,
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, for ever thine.

979

8,8,6.

C. WESLEY.

Death of a relative.

- 1 If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown, my tears to see ;
Restrain'd from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain-load
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatch'd away ;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend
In that eternal day.

980

8,7.

C. WESLEY.

"Peace be to this house." Luke 10 : 5.

- 1 Peace be to this habitation !
Peace to every soul herein !
Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin,—
Peace, that speaks its heav'nly Giver,
Peace to earthly minds unknown,
Peace Divine that lasts for ever,—
Here erect its glorious throne.
- 2 On the son of peace descending,
On the daughter of thy grace,
Full of comforts never ending,
Let the promise now take place.
Now thy love-infusing Spirit
Shed in every heart abroad ;
And, Redeemer, through thy merit,
Make each child, a child of God
- 3 Claim for thine each faithful servant,
By the reconciling word ;
Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,
Let them serve their heavenly Lord.
Visit, Lord, with thy salvation,
Every providential guest,
Every friend and kind relation
Take into thy people's rest !

981

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Children dedicated to Christ. Mark 10 : 14.

- 1 The Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast ;

He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim :
The heirs of heaven are such as these ;
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine, may our offspring be.

982

C. M. MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Prayer for Children.

1 O Lord, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band ;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast giv'n ;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heav'n ?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife ;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

983

7s.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Prayer for the Salvation of Children.

- 1 God of mercy, hear our pray'r
For the children thou hast giv'n;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.
- 2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.
- 3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renew'd.
- 4 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.
- 5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear:
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

984

L. M.

MRS. DANA.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mark 10: 14.

- 1 I dearly love a little child,
And Jesus lov'd young children too:
He ever sweetly on them smiled,
And placed them with his chosen few.

When cradled on its mother's breast
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid his hand upon its head,
And bless'd it with a promise sweet.

- 2 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
"O suffer them to come to me!
Of such my heavenly kingdom is:
Like them may all my followers be."
Young children are the gems of earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have:
They sparkle on the throbbing breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.
-

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

985

L. M.

PRESB. COL.

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

- 1 Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heav'nly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear ;
In dangers still our Guardian be ;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;
Let all the people worship thee.

986

6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

987

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for National Gratitude and Holiness.

- 1 Lord, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

988

H. WATERC

We'll camp awhile in the Wilderness.

- 1 I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

CHORUS.—We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
 We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
 We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
 And then we're going home.

2 My Father's gracious hand
 Has built this sweet abode;
 From everlasting it was planned,
 My dwelling place with God.
 CHORUS.—We'll camp awhile, etc.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
 Has made my title sure;
 He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
 To make my rest secure.
 CHORUS.—We'll camp awhile, etc.

4 Loved ones are gone before,
 Whose pilgrim days are done;
 I soon shall greet them on that shore,
 Where parting is unknown.
 CHORUS.—We'll camp awhile, etc.

989

J. WARD HOWE.

Glory, Hallelujah!

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
 of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the
 grapes of wrath are stor'd;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
 terrible swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the even-
ing dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim
and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with
you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the ser-
pent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.
-

THE CLOSET AND SAINTS' COMMUNION.

990

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Closing the exercises.

- 1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King !
The King is now our Friend !
- 3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down ;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
- 4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.
- 5 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb ;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same :
- 6 You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow :
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo ! we reach you now.

- 7 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts :
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.
- 8 Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown ;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 9 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And, rais'd to our unsinuing state,
With God in Eden live !
- 10 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heav'n to share !
He now is fitting up your home :
Go on : we'll meet you there !

991

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Closing the exercises.

- 1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace !
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart :
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind ;
Our minds continue one ;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul :
 No power can make us twain ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
 To sever us in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh,
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
 In heavenly places sit :
 Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
 The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God !
 Our life shall soon appear,
 And shed his glory all abroad
 On all his members here.
- 8 Then let us lawfully contend,
 And fight our passage through,—
 Bear in our faithful minds the end,
 And keep the prize in view.

992

L. M.

KEN.

Midnight.

- 1 My God, I now from sleep awake,
 The sole possession of me take ;
 From midnight terrors me secure,
 And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
 You hallelujahs sing on high ;
 You, joyful, hymn the Ever-blest,
 Before the throne, and never rest.

- 3 I with your choir celestial join,
 In off'ring up a hymn divine ;
 With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
 And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
 Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
 All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
 And make my very dreams devout.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

993

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Self-examination.

- 1 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep recess,
 In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.
- 2 Through all the mazes of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be search'd and purifi'd.
- 3 Then with the visits of thy love
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
 Till every grace shall join to prove
 That God has fixed his dwelling there.

994

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Submission to the will of God.

- 1 Eternal Beam of light Divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love ;

In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heav'n above.

- 2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear :
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill :
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone ;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 6 O Death where is thy sting ? where now
Thy boasted victory O Grave
Who shall contend with God ? or, who
Can hurt whom God delights to save.

995

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Communion with God.

- 1 To thee, great God of love ! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore :
By faith I see thee passing now ;
I have, but still I ask for more :
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
My soul for all thy presence cries.

- 2 The fulness of my vast reward
 A blest eternity shall be ;
 But hast thou not on earth prepar'd
 Some better thing than this for me ?
 What,—but one drop!—one transient sight !
 I want a sun—a sea of light.
- 3 More favor'd than the saints of old,—
 Who now by faith approach to thee,
 Shall all with open face behold
 In Christ the glorious Deity,—
 Shall see and put salvation on,
 The nature of thy sinless Son.
- 4 This, this is our high calling's prize !
 Thine image in thy Son I claim ;
 And still to higher glories rise,
 Till, all transformed, I know thy name,
 And glide to all my heav'n above,
 My highest heav'n in Jesus' love.

996

C. M.

WILLIAMS.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."
 Psl. 104: 34.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes still'd ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings the favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

997

8s.

C. WESLEY.

"Thy vows are upon me." Psl. 56 : 12.

- 1 O how shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord ?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word ?
I tremble at what I have done :
O send me thy help from above ;
The power of thy Spirit make known,
The virtue of Jesus's love !
- 2 My solemn engagements are vain ;
My promises empty as air ;
My vows, I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair,—

Unless my omnipotent God
 The sense of his goodness impart,
 And shed, by his Spirit, abroad
 The love of himself in my heart.

- 3 O, Lover of sinners, extend
 To me thy compassionate grace !
 Appear, my affliction to end,
 Afford me a glimpse of thy face !
 That light shall enkindle in me
 A flame of reciprocal love ;
 And then I shall cleave unto thee,
 And then I shall never remove.

998

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 And live I yet, by power Divine ?
 And have I still my course to run ?
 Again brought back, in its decline,
 The shadow of my parting sun ?
- 2 Wond'ring I ask—Is this the breast
 Struggling so late, and torn with pain ?
 The eyes that upward look'd for rest,
 And dropped their weary lids again ?
- 3 The recent horrors still appear :
 O may they never cease to awe
 Still be the king of terrors near,
 Whom late in all his pomp I saw.
- 4 Jesus to my deliv'rance flew,
 Where, sunk in mortal pangs, I lay ;
 Pale death his ancient Conqu'ror knew,
 And trembled, and ungrasped his prey.

5 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

6 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my length'ned days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy coëxtended praise.

999

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praying for recovery.

1 Angel of covenanted grace,
Come, and thy healing power infuse;
Descend in thy own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallowed use.

2 Obedient to thy will alone,
To thee in means I calmly fly:
My life, I know, is not my own,
To God I live, to God I die.

3 Thy holy will be ever mine:
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace Divine,—
I suffer all thy holy will.

4 I come, if thou my strength restore,
To serve thee with my strength renewed;
Grant me but this, I ask no more—
To spend and to be spent for God.

1000

7,6.

MRS. SIMPSON.

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the moon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night:
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee:
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be:
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 O not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare:
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in pray'r:

Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall :
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

1001

L. M.

WORDSWORTH.

Noon.

- 1 Look up to heaven ! th' industrious sun
 Already half his race hath run :
 He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal spirits may.
- 2 Lord ! since his rising in the east,
 If we have falter'd or transgress'd,
 Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course.
- 3 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way ;
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink to final rest.

1002

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Midnight.

- 1 In a land of strange delight,
 My transported spirit stray'd :
 I awake where all is night,
 Silence, solitude, and shade.
- 2 Is the dream of nature flown ?
 Is the universe destroy'd ?
 Man extinct, and I alone
 Breathing through the formless void ?

3 No : my soul, in God rejoice :
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place :
Fearless, in the day of doom,
May I stand before his face.

1003

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Job 17 : 13.

1 Ready for my earthen bed,
Let me rest my fainting head,
Welcome life's expected close,
Sink in permanent repose.

2 Jesus' blood, to which I fly,
Doth my conscience purify,
Signs my weary soul's release,
Bids me now depart in peace.

3 Thus do I my bed prepare ;
O how soft when Christ is there !
Calm I lay my body down,
Rise to an immortal crown.

1004

L. M.

DAVIES.

Self-dedication.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood Divine ;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform :
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

1005

7,7,7,7,7.

C. WESLEY.

Jer. 49 : 11.

- 1 O thou faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead,
Waiting for my last remove,
Hast'ning to the happy dead :
Lo ! I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.
- 2 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave :
Call my little ones thy own,
Give them all thy blessings, give :
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend,
 Into thy embraces take ;
 Be her sure, immortal Friend,
 Save her, for my Saviour's sake :
 Free from sin, from sorrow free,
 Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
 Husband of the widow, prove ;
 Me and mine persist to bless,
 Tell me we shall meet above :
 Seal the promise on my heart,
 Bid me then in peace depart.

1006

C. M.

DODDRIDGE /

The farewell.

- 1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light :
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight.

1007

8s.

C. WESLEY.

"The graves are ready for me." Job 17: 1.

- 1 My days are extinguish'd and gone,
 My time as a shadow is fled,
 And gladly I lay myself down,
 To rest with the peaceable dead :
 The dead ever-living attend,
 Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
 And many a glorified friend
 Is ready to welcome me home.
- 2 My days are all vanish'd away,
 Broke off the designs of my heart ;
 No longer on earth I delay,
 Or linger, as loth to depart :
 Resolv'd in my Lord to abide,
 This purpose I know shall remain,
 And trust to be found at his side,
 And Jesus eternally gain.

1008

P. M.

BISHOP PAYNE.

My Hope shall be in Heaven.

- 1 I am turning now away from this false and fading earth,
 There is nothing here that charms me, and its ills I'll soon forget,
 But my hope shall be in heaven, while ever I do live,
 And there is nothing good below, but my God will freely give.

CHORUS.—O my hopes are all in heaven, where my great Redeemer lives,
 A crown of life he offers, and a harp of praise he gives.

- 2 When my Saviour leads the way, I will never fear to fight,
 For his footsteps lead to glory and the land of pure delight.
 A crown of life I covet, lo! 'tis glitt'ring in the sky,
 And I hasten to receive it from the Majesty on high.

CHORUS.—O my hopes &c.

- 3 O 'tis sweet to think of heaven, where the angels ever bright,
 And the blood-wash'd hosts of glory are clad in robes of light;
 O I long to see the beauties of that sinless world above,
 Where they sing the song of Moses—'tis the song of dying Love!

CHORUS.—O my hopes &c.

- 4 There no sickness ever comes, and no blooming flower fades,
The sun-beams are unclouded, and delight each heart pervades;
O give me then the wings of the Cherubim to fly,
Where all is love and beauty, in the sinless home on high.

CHORUS. O my hopes &c.

1009

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening the Exercises.

- 1 Saviour of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
And all th' accuser's power.
- 2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve:
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company
Who wait for us above.
- 3 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more:

In yon thrice happy seat,
 Waiting for us they are ;
 And thou shalt there a husband meet !
 And I a parent there !

1010

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Renewing of a Covenant. Jer. 1 : 4.

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual cov'nant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord :
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesus pow'r
 His name to glorify ;
 And promise in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
 Be ever kept in mind :
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow ;
 And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
 Come down and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Let all our hearts receive ;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away ;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

1011

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening the Exercises.

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,
 Thy promis'd presence claim ;
 Thou in the midst of us shall be,
 Assembl'd in thy name :
 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove ;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.
- 2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet ;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget :
 We meet the grace to take,
 Which thou hast freely giv'n ;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heav'n.
- 3 Present we know thou art ;
 But, O, thyself reveal !
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel !
 O may thy quick'ning voice
 The death of sin remove ;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice
 In hope of perfect love !

1012

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

"Enter into thy Closet." Matth. 6: 6.

Ent'ring into my closet, I
 The busy world exclude ;

In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

2 Far from the paths of men to Thee
I solemnly retire;
See Thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

3 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiv'n!
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heav'n.

4 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require:
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

5 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

1013

10,11,10,11.

GAMBOLD.

"Come thou with us." Numb. 10: 29.

1 O tell me no more Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I've found Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
ground.

2 The souls that believe, In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
day.

- 3 No mortal doth know What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go:
 Lo, onward I move To a city above,
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will
 prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win From death, hell,
 and sin,
 Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
 within;
 And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
 So this is the race I'm running through grace,
 Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's
 face.
- 6 And now I'm in care, My neighbors may
 spare
 These blessings: to seek them will none of
 you dare?
 In bondage, O why, And death will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so
 nigh?

1014

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Safety in union.

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep!
 For O, the wolf is nigh!

- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm:
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

1015

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"The unity of the Spirit." Eph. 4: 3.

- 1 Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide:
 Divers gifts to each divide:
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil:
 Never from our office move,
 Needful to each other prove:
 Use the grace on each bestow'd,
 Temp'red by the art of God!
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touch'd with softest sympathy;
 Kindly for each other care;
 Every member feel its share.
 Many are we now and one,
 We who Jesus have put on:
 Names, and sects, and parties, fall:
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

1016

C. M.

B. T. TANNER.

Evening.

- 1 The work of one more day is done—
 Is done, as best we could.
 And yet, O Lord, we must confess
 'Tis not done as we would.
- 2 We would have lived throughout the hours
 As though we saw Thee near.
 That Thou shouldst know each thought and
 word,
 Should bring to us no fear.
- 3 But as we retrospect the day,
 Our heart is made to grieve.
 In pity, Lord, we pray look down,
 Our burden'd souls relieve.

- 4 Oh make us not to close our eyes,
Till we shall feel thy love.
Hear Thou our song, hear Thou our pray'r
"Come quickly from above."
- 5 With this assurance sweetly given,
We each to each may say.
Good-night, Good-night, God keep us safe
Until the break of day.

1017

C. M.

TOPLADY.

"Our consolation aboundeth." 2 Cor. 1: 5.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace Divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

- 1 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee!

1018

C. M.

C. WESLEY

"See how these Christians love."

- 1 Giver of concord, Prince of peace,
 Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 By thy atoning blood.
- 2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
 Our stubborn wills control,
 Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
 And calm our troubl'd soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
 Its enmity destroy,
 With cords of love our spirits bind,
 And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts
 Let kindness sweetly write her law,
 And love command our hearts.
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
 Our jarring wills control,
 Let cordial, kind affections rise,
 And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way,
 Our wond'ring foes to move,
 And force the heathen world to say
 "See how these Christians love!"

1019

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The aged minister's prayer.

- 1 Lord, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise, true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

1020

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Master supreme! I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love:
That, taught according to thy will.
To rule my family aright,
I may th' appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart, and all my might.

- 2 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
 I from the sovereign Lord receive,
 That what is suitable and just,
 Impartial I to all may give:
 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
 From vice and wickedness restrain;
 Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
 And govern with a looser rein.
- 3 The servant faithful and discreet,
 Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
 Him I would tenderly entreat,
 And scarce distinguish from a child:
 Yet let me not my place forsake,
 Th' occasion of his stumbling prove,
 The servant to my bosom take,
 Or mar him by familiar love.
- 4 Order, if some invert, confound,
 Their Lord's authority betray,—
 I hearken to the gospel sound,
 And trace the providential way:
 As far from abjectness as pride,
 With condescending dignity,
 Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
 And keep the post assigned by thee.
- 5 O could I emulate the zeal
 Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
 The troubles, griefs, and burden feel,
 Of souls intrusted to my care!—
 In daily prayer to God commend
 The souls whom Christ expired to save;
 And think how soon my sway may end,
 And all be equal in the grave!

1021

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Consecration of property.

- 1 Father, into thy hands alone
 I have my all restor'd;
 My all thy property I own,
 The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Confiding in thy only love,
 Through Jesus strength'ning me,
 I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
 And give back all to thee.
- 3 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
 And as thou wilt require;
 Resume by the Chaldean bands,
 Or the devouring fire.
- 4 Determin'd all thy will t' obey,
 Thy blessings I restore;
 Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
 I praise thee evermore.

1022

8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Trust in Providence.

- 1 Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love:
 Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray;

We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way :
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

1023

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

In affliction.

- 1 Cast on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall his salvation see,
 According to his word :
 Credence to his word I give ;
 My Saviour in distresses past
 Will not now his servant leave,
 But bring me through at last.
- 2 Better than my boding fears
 To me thou oft has prov'd ;
 Oft observed my silent tears,
 And challeng'd thy belov'd :
 Mercy to my rescue flew,
 And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey ;
 Pain before thy face withdrew,
 And sorrow flew away.
- 3 Now as yesterday the same,
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on thy word and name
 I steadfastly rely :
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promis'd joy I soon shall have ;
 Saved again, to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.

- 4 To thy blessed will resigned,
 And stayed on that alone,
 I thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own:
 Compass'd round with songs of praise,
 My all to my Redeemer give;
 Spread thy miracles of grace,
 And to thy glory live.

1024

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Admission into the Church.

- 1 Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way
 That leads to Sion's hill,
 And thither set your steady face,
 With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around
 Your pious march to join;
 And spread the sentiments you feel
 Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
 And seek his favor there:
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And pour your fervent prayer.
- 4 O come, and join your souls to God
 In everlasting bands:
 Accept the blessings he bestows,
 With thankful hearts and hands.

1025

L. M.

WATTS.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

- 1 Jehovah reigns ; his throne is high ;
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels' join ;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

1026

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

For the lambs of the flock.

- 1 Author of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun :
Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With rav'ning wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.
- 4 In safety lead thy little flock !
From hell, the world, and sin, secure :
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

1027

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Cleaving to God.

- 1 God of love, that hear'st the pray'r,
Kindly for thy people care.
Who on thee alone depend :
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power ;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 4 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honors at thy feet.
- 5 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between :

Keep us little and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.

- 6 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope ;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.
-

ANNIVERSARY OF FREEDOM.

1028

W. H. YOUNG

Freedom's Morn.

- 1 All hail ! fair Freedom's morn,
When Afric's sons were born,
We bless this day.
From slavery we are freed,
No more our hearts will bleed—
Lord, make us free indeed.
To Thee we pray.
- 2 Bless'd day of liberty,
We raise our songs to thee,
Day of the free ;
Our voices loud we raise,
In freedom's joyful lays,
In songs of joy and praise,
O God to thee.
- 3 Long may this nation stand—
Long may this glorious land
Be fair and bright :
May peace her arm extend

O'er every foe and friend;
May God the right defend
With His great might.

- 4 Lord, bless this Government,
O'er all its broad extent,
On land and sea.
Oh! bless this glorious land—
May Thy protecting hand
Over the world expand,
God of the free.

1029

W. H. YOUNG.

Freedom's Jubilee.

- 1 Sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Let your anthems fill the sky;
Children, men, and fathers hoary,
Raise your voices loud and high.
Join your voices altogether,
Sing the song of liberty,
Freedom reigns on land and water—
This is Freedom's jubilee!
- 2 Sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Tune your hearts in grateful lays;
Freedom reigns—O, blessed story!
Sing a joyful song of praise.
Praise the Lord with hearts and voices—
He has gained the victory;
Every Freedman now rejoices,
On the land and on the sea.

- 3 Sons of Freedom, join the chorus!
Sing together with accord;
Brighter days are now before us—
Let us sing and praise the Lord;
Praise the Lord who reigns in heaven,
On the earth and on the sea;
Every shackle He has riven,
He has let the oppressed go free.
-

REVIVALS.

1030

8,7.

ANON.

Opening worship.

- 1 Brethren, we have met to worship
And adore our God the Lord:
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumbering on the brink of wo:
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, and our mothers,
And our children sinking down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister join'd with him:
While you see the trembling sinners,
Have you no concern for them?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found:
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too:
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new:
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down:
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

1031

L. M.

A. MEANS

Camp-meeting.

1 A twelvemonth more has roll'd around,
Since we were on this tented ground:
Ten thousand scenes have mark'd the year,
Since we last met to worship here.

- 2 Relentless death has hurl'd his darts,
And lodged them deep in noblest hearts:
O'er old and young, in every sphere,
He's triumph'd since we worshipp'd here.
- 3 Yet we are spared, to Heaven be praise,
Our God has lengthen'd out our days:
We've left our homes with hearts sincere,
And met, once more, to worship here.
- 4 My Father's children—heirs of heaven,
Let all your hearts to prayer be given,
That God may lend a listening ear
And answer, while we worship here.
- 5 Come, sinners, come, your pardoning God
Now waits t' impart his cleansing blood:
O! loathe your sins, to Christ draw near,
And seek him while we worship here.
- 6 Ye mourners, raise your languid eyes:
Your home's beyond the starry skies!
Your Saviour smiles, renounce your fear,
And praise him while we worship here.
- 7 Gird all the Christian armor on,
And nobly strike, till victory's won:
Our God shall guard the front and rear
Of all who humbly worship here.
- 8 The Sinner's Friend we'll soon adore,
Where tents are pitch'd to strike no more:—
A glorious heaven with angels share,
And *live and love and worship* there.

1032

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 O, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;

Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith and hope and love ;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And, if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request :
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

1033

C. M.

ANON.

- 1 Behold that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be swept away ;
And Christians gather'd home.
- 2 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless pain.
With shrieks and howls, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.
- 3 The child, perhaps, the parent views,
Go headlong down to hell ;
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
And bids the child farewell !
- 4 Then shall the husband see his wife
Banished to endless pain,
And grief, and wo, and bitter tears—
Never to meet again.

- 5 But O, perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
While she is crowned above !
- 6 Then shall the saints, thro' grace combin'd
Drink of eternal love ;
In Jesus' image there to shine,
And reign with him above.
- 7 O how it lifts my soul to think,
Of meeting round the throne,
Eternal joys there we shall drink,
Where sorrows never come.

1034

C. M.

ANON.

Heaven.

- 1 Arise and shine, oh Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come !
Thy glorious conq'ring King is near
To take his exiles home :
The trumpet sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free ;
The day of wonder now is nigh ;
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud
The earth must know her doom ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the Judge is come :
Blow out the sun ! burn up the earth !
Consume the rolling flood !
While every star shall disappear,
Go turn the moon to blood !

- 3 Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear :
All tongues and languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear !
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
And Gabriel with a silver trump,
Echoes the awful sound !
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace
To sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more !
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love !
- 5 Come on my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one ;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run :
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bid you come,
And angels whispering you away
To your eternal home.

1035

P. M.

ANON.

The Triumphs of Prayer.

- 1 Come, brothers and sisters who love one
another,
And have done for years that are gone,
How often we've met him in sweet heavenly
union,
Which opens the way to God's throne.

- 2 With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him
who loved us,
While we run the bright shining way,
Though we part here in body we are bound
for one glory,
And bound for each other to pray.
- 3 There were Joshua and Joseph, Elias and
Moses,
That prayed and God heard from his
throne;
There were Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob
and David,
And Solomon, and Stephen, and John.
- 4 There were Simeon and Anna, and I don't
know how many,
That prayed as they journeyed along:
Some cast among lions, some bound with
rough irons,
Yet glory and praises they sung.
- 5 Some tell us that praying and also that prais-
ing
Is labor that's all spent in vain,
But we have such a witness, that God hears
with swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
- 6 There was old father Noah, and ten thousand
more,
Who witnessed that God heard them pray;
There were Samuel, and Hannah, Paul, Silas
and Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah, we'll say.

- 7 That God by his spirit, or an angel, doth
visit
Their souls and their bodies while pray-
ing:
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go
praising,
And glorify God in the flame?
- 8 God grant us to inherit the same praying
spirit
While we are a journeying below,
That when we cease praying we shall not
cease praising,
But round God's bright throne we shall
bow.

1036

P. M.

ANON.

Never be Afraid.

- 1 Never be afraid to speak to Jesus,
Think how much a word can do ;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.
CHORUS—Never be afraid, never be afraid,
Never, never, never,
Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.
- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In his vineyard day by day ;
Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
CHORUS—Never be afraid, etc.

- 3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall ;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.

CHORUS—Never be afraid, etc.

- 4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus,
If you on his care depend ;
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.

CHORUS—Never be afraid, etc.

- 5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus ;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.

CHORUS—Never be afraid, etc.

1037

P. M.

ANON.

The Water of Life.

- 1 Jesus the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those who love him ;
Come to that fountain, oh drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to that fountain, oh drink and live,
Flowing for those that love him.

CHORUS—The Spirit and the Bride say, come,
Freely, freely, freely,
And he that is thirsty let him come
And drink of the waters of life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing—
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely to those that love him.
Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely to those that love him.

CHORUS—The Spirit and the Bride, etc.

- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him ;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.

CHORUS—The Spirit and the Bride, etc

- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him ;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.

CHORUS—The Spirit and the Bride, etc.

- 5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him,

Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely, freely, freely,
Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely to all that love him.

CHORUS—The Spirit and the Bride, etc

1038

8,8,8,6.

Will You Meet Us.

- 1 Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
 On Canaan's happy shore?
- 2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 Where parting is no more.
- 3 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 For ever, evermore.

1039

7s.

Beautiful River.

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod,

With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHORUS—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 In the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

CHORUS—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

CHORUS—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

CHORUS—Yes, we'll gather at the river, etc.

1040

Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to him belong ;
They are weak, but he is strong.

- 2 Jesus loves me, he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide ;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill ;
From his shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me ; he will stay
Close beside me all the way—
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

1041

P. M.

A Light in the Window.

- 1 There's a light in the window for thee,
brother,
There's a light in the window for thee ;
A dear one has moved to the mansions
above,
There's a light in the window for thee.
- CHORUS—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.
- 2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm,
brother,
When from toil and from care you are
free ;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.
- CHORUS—A mansion in heaven, etc.

- 3** Oh watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Tho' afflictions assail you, and storms beat
severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
CHORUS—A mansion in heaven, etc.

- 4** Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the
stream—
There's a light in the window for thee.
CHORUS—A mansion in heaven, etc.

1042

C. M.

- 1** Pray what's the reason, when you meet,
You make so great a noise?
Because the Lord comes in our hearts;
And shall we not rejoice!
- 2** "Rebuke them," cry the Pharisees;
But Jesus turns about,
And says, "If these should hold their peace,
The stones would then cry out.
- 3** It matters not what men may say,
Or call us here below;
We mean to sing, and shout, and pray,
Till we to glory go.

1043

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Our fathers—where are they?

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
Which bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone.
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell:
No other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

1044

7s.

ANON.

The Christian Pilgrim.

- 1 Pilgrim burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to day ;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep and watch and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear ;
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh ;
Watch—till heavenly light appear ;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning pilgrim ! what for thee
In this world can now remain ?
Seek that world from which shall flee,
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly ;
Shame shall never enter there ;
Tears be wiped from every eye—
Pain in endless bliss expire.

1045

7s.

- 1 Come, and taste along with me,
Consolation running free,
From my Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey comb.
- CHORUS—I'll praise God, and you'll praise
God,
And we'll all praise God together,
I'll praise the Lord for the work
that he has done.
And we'll bless his name for ever.

- 2 Why should Christians feast alone !
Two are better far than one ;
The more that come with free good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem ;
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Saints in glory sing aloud,
To behold an heir of God,
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.
- 6 Heav'n here, and heav'n there ;
Comforts flowing every where ;
This I boldly can attest,
That my soul has got a taste.
- 7 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume ;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

1046

6,3.

- 1 Our bondage it shall end, by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free ;
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

- 2 Our Deliverer he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
- 3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.
- 4 Tho' Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on,
Tho' Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply ;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.
- 5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are
come.
- 6 Then friends shall meet again, who have
lov'd,
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have
lov'd.
- 7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity, we'll rejoice.

1047 3,5.

- 1 By faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree ;
To every nation, he is crying,
Look to me !
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear ;—
Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear !
Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me ?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin ?
Can it be ?
O yes ! he did salvation bring :
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King ;
And now my happy soul can sing,—
Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes ;—
Mercy's free !
And every moment, Christ is precious
Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove :
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free ! mercy's free !
- 4 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me :
Now all my chains of sin are broken—
I am free, I am free :
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,

And Christ from death my soul retrieved :
 Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it—

Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

Ye ministers of God, declare it—

Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

Visit the heathen's dark abode,

Proclaim to all the love of God,

And spread the glorious news abroad—

Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,

Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

And this shall be my theme when dying,

Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

And when the vale of death I've pass'd,

When lodg'd above the stormy blast,

I'll sing, while endless ages last,

Mercy's free ! mercy's free !

1048

11s.

Seeking rest for the soul.

1 O'er mountain and hill I wandered alone,

Alone in the valley, far distant from home ;

Alone in the valley my soul sought for rest,

The dew it was falling, all nature was bless'd.

2 I asked the forest, the oak and the pine ;

These all were beauteous, majestic, sublime,

I asked the Lilly, the violet, the rose,

But could not find place for my soul to repose.

- 3 I asked the ocean, a voice from the waves,
It spake of its powers, no one there to save,
I asked the planets, both Venus and Mars,
The sun and the moon, and the rest of the
stars.
- 4 These spake of their brightness, 'twas always
the same,
They told of their maker, I asked his name;
His name it was Jesus, in him there is rest,
All people, all nations, in him they are bless'd.
- 5 I sought then to find him, but could not tell
where;
I thought of the garden, that once happy pair,
In the garden of Eden, I then did inquire,
The promise was given, but he was not there.
- 6 I asked the patriarchs, they told of his day,
I asked the prophets, they showed me the
way,
I asked the shepherds, they told of his birth,
Old Simeon and Anna, they witnessed the
truth.
- 7 I then sought to find him, but no trace could
I find,
At length I was told he was healing the blind;
I was wounded, was bruised, was sick and
was sore,
I sought then to find him, but cared for no
more.
- 8 My soul took new courage, a thought struck
my mind;
My Jesus, my Saviour, I now soon shall find,

I said I shall find him, and I will tell you
how,
I'll follow to Calvary, to that rugged brow.

9 There was one there who told me, your time
will be lost,
He is dead, he is dead, he died on the cross,
He is dead, he is buried, he lies in the grave,
There is no one to pity, there is no one to
save.

10 I stood, and I wept, then I wiped off the
tears,
I looked, and behold, my Saviour was near,
He smiled, and he told me, to me then he
said,
I have risen, I've risen, I rose from the dead.

11 He showed me his hands, his feet, and his
side ;
He smiled, and he told me for you I have
died ;
I died to redeem you, I saw it was best,
I then shouted glory, my soul was at rest.

12 I'm now on my journey to mansions above ;
My soul's full of glory, of life, light, and love,
I'm now on my journey to the land of my
rest,
I soon shall see Jesus, and reign with the
bless'd.

1049

C. M.

The living waters.

- 1 At Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer:
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 The man, who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteem'd a foe.
- 4 The sinner must the stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore:
Behold! the living waters flow:
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

1050

C. M.

DOUBLE.

- 1 Ye weary heavy laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore:
Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
The waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold.

- 2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
Through the enchanted ground.
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear,
And dragons often roar ;
But while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate ;
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate ;
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky
Black Jordan's billows roar,
Which often make the pilgrims fear,
They never will get o'er :
But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain,
To fright our souls, may Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.
- 5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land ;
The trees of life, with heav'nly fruit,
In beauteous order stand :
The wint'ry time is past and gone,
Sweet flowers now appear,

The fiftieth year hath now rolled round,
The great Sabbatic year.

- 6 O, what a glorious sight appears,
To my believing eyes;
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies:
Bright angels whisp'ring me away,
"O come, my brother, come,"
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.
- 7 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound:
And should we never meet again
'Till the last trump shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore;
In oceans of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.

1051**P. M.**

- 1 I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful,
I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.
- 2 O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful,
O, let us prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.
- 3 We mean to be faithful,
We mean to be faithful,

We mean to be faithful, faithful, faithful,
Till we all shall meet above.

- 4 There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning,
There'll be no more sinning, sinning, sinning,
When we all shall meet above.
- 5 There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow,
There'll be no more sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
When we all shall meet above.
- 6 There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus,
There we shall see Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
When we all shall meet above.
- 7 There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises,
There we shall sing praises, praises, praises,
When we all shall meet above.

1052

8,6.

Will you go?

- 1 We're travelling home to heaven above?
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go? will you go?

- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light,
Where perfect day excludes the night:
Our sun will there no more go down,
In that blest world of great renown,
Our days of mourning past and gone.
- 3 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
A crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
- 4 We're going where tears will never flow,
And sorrow we no more shall know;
There, there the saints shall die no more,
But live with Christ in heaven secure,
Their God and Saviour to adore.
- 5 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre:
There saints and angels sweetly sing
Hosannas to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
- 6 The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small.
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
- 7 The way to heaven is straight and plain:
Repent, believe, be born again:
The Saviour cries aloud to thee:
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.

- 8 O could I hear some sinner say :
 I will go ! I will go !
 I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go ! let me go !
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell :
 Let me go ! fare you well !

1053

L. M.

HEBER.

Christ's second advent.

- 1 The Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake
 The hills their fixed seat forsake,
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,
 A silent lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruise'd, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame and robe of storm :
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Appointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride—
 O God ! is this the crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain !
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain !
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come.

1054

7,6.

- 1 Come all ye weary travellers,
And let us join to sing,
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ our king ;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, 'tis true ;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him ;
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin :
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them,
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness ;
Where we might soon have fainted,
In that enchanted ground ;
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
Give life, and joy, and peace ;
Revive our drooping spirits,
Make faith and love increase,
Confess our Lord and master,
And run at his command ;

And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on,
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone ;
In peace and consolation,
We're going to rejoice ;
And Jesus and his people
For ever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
While we do march along ?
Has conscience never told you,
That you are going wrong,
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse ?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.

7 But if you will refuse us,
We'll bid you all farewell ;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell ;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go ;
Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.

8 Now to the King immortal,
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We mean to spend our days ;

Till we arrive at Canaan,
The happy world above,
With everlasting praises,
To sing redeeming love.

1055

L. M.

The prosperous Saint. Rev. vii. 13-17.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk that narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The earth must hear and know her doom,
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
When Christ himself these words proclaims,
Here come my saints, I know their names.
- 6 Ye everlasting gates, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;

Ye harps of heav'n, now sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood!

- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.
- 9 They've fought the fight, their race is run;
Their joys are now in heav'n begun,
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,
No more afflicted now like me.
- 10 Here I am now in prison bound,
And trials wait me all around;
O wouldst thou, Lord, now burst the chain,
How I would join to-praise thy name!

1056

11,11,11,11.

Christ's Comfort for the Church.

- 1 O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
may'd;
In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-
cay'd.

- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now high over-
whelm,
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee
defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy he cries ;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in
thine eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
stand,
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee
to land.
- 4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot ;—thy
name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain !
The palms of my hands while I look on, I
see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for
thee.
- 5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy
groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain ;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 "Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is
secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine."

1057

C. M.

Latter-day glory.

- 1 Rejoice, ye nations of the world,
And hail the happy day,
When Satan's kingdom, downward hurl'd,
Shall perish with dismay.
- 2 Rejoice, ye heathen, wood and stone
Shall form your gods no more ;
Jehovah ye shall trust alone
And him alone adore.
- 3 Christians, rejoice—each party name,
Each diff'rent sect shall cease ;
Your error, grief, and wrath, and shame,
Shall yield to truth and peace.
- 4 Ye sons of peace, the triumph share,
Trumpets no more shall sound ;
The murd'rous sword, the bloody spear
Shall cultivate the ground.
- 5 Bright o'er the mountains, may we see
This blessed morning ray ;
And glorious may its splendour be,
E'en to the perfect day.

1058

L. M.

Millennium.

- 1 Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise
Toward the joyful, coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright and dazzling ray.

- 2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.
- 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.
- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sep'rate rights no more,
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Saviour to adore.
- 5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail,
And ev'ry knee shall bow to Christ,
And ev'ry tongue shall Jesus hail.
- 6 Then the redeem'd shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone;
And angels at his word shall fly,
To bless them with the conqu'ror's crown.

1059**C. M.***Remember me.*

- 1 Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken, or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

1060 11s.

- 1 In the house of king David a fountain did
spring,
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our king,
This fountain flows sweetly, whenever ap-
plied,
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he
died.
- 2 Come all that have bath'd in the fountain of
love,
And have felt th' heavy burthen of guilt to
remove:

Let's praise our dear Saviour, as long as we've
breath,
And after we're laid in the dust of the earth.

3 There, there, we shall sleep, but not always
remain,
We look for the coming of Jesus again ;
When wak'd by the trumpet, we'll lay by our
shrouds,
And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the
clouds.

4 How we shall be fashion'd, he does not de-
clare,
But we shall be like him, when he doth ap-
pear ;
And that happy moment we're longing to see,
When we shall be perfectly happy in thee.

5 Lord Jesus I love thee, thou knowest very
well,
Assist me to conquer the powers of hell ;
Though Satan he rages, and frightens me too,
Lord Jesus protect me, and bring me safe
through.

1061 L. M.

1 Methinks the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;

Both small and great now quit their dust
And round the dread tribunal stand.

- 3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed a word more public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine—
No plea the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve!
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love!

1062

P. M.

- 1 Saw ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Saviour!
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary to atone for you and
me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! he was extended!
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
Oh! he bow'd his head and died, thus my
Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh! the sun refused to shine, when the
majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

- 4 Darkness prevailed ! darkness prevailed !
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
O ! the solid rocks were rent thro' creation's
vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God man.
- 5 When it was finish'd ! when it was finish'd !
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd in
spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.
- 6 Hail mighty Saviour ! Hail mighty Saviour !
Prince and the author of peace,
Oh ! he burst the bands of death, and triumph-
ant thro' the east,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 Now interceding ! now interceding !
Pleading that sinners may live ;
Crying Father, I have died ! O behold my
hands and side,
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.
- 8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe,
Let them now return to me, and be recon-
ciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

1063

11s.

Lot's wife.

- 1 How prone are professors to rest on their lees,
To study their profit, their pleasure and ease,

Tho' God says, Arise, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife

2 Awake from your slumber, the warning be-
lieve

'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message re-
ceive;

While dangers are pending, escape for your
life,

And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife!

3 The first bold apostate will attempt you to
stay;

And tell you, no dangers are found in the
way;

He means to deceive you, escape for your
life,

And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife!

4 How many poor souls has the serpent be-
guiled!

With specious temptations how many defiled!

Then be not deluded, escape for your life,

And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife!

5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake, then, the world, and escape for your
life,

And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife!

- 6 But if you're determined the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose;
For hell you shall part with the blessing of
life,
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's
wife!

1064

L. M.

- 1 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly,
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.
- 2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 3 Fare-well vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath:
And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground:
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
- 6 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies;

This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode.
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

1065

7,7,7,7,7,7.

Exemplary piety.

- 1 Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal:
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love may I possesss,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know:
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.
- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,

Abrah'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

- 5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew :
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below :
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

1066

6,3.

- 1 What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O
my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the
Lord of bliss,
To send this precious peace to my soul, to
my soul,
To send this precious peace to my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down, O my soul, O my
soul,
When I was sinking down, O my soul.
When I was sinking down, beneath God's
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for
my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul!
- 3 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise,
join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,

And strike each tuneful string in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

4 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will
sing,

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb who is the great
I AM!

While millions join the theme, I will sing, I
will sing,

While millions join the theme, I will sing.

5 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
I'll sing on,

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and
joyful be ;

And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And through eternity I'll sing on.

1067

7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

NEWTON.

Stop, poor sinner.

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,

Before you farther go !

Will you sport upon the brink

Of everlasting wo ?

Once again I charge you, stop !

For, unless you warning take,

Ere you are aware, you drop

Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,

That you his will oppose ?

Fear you not that iron rod

With which he breaks his foes ?

Can you stand in that dread day
When his judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-face death will quickly come

To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

1068

S. M.

Having no hope.

1 Can sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well;
Or dream of future happiness,
While in the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallow'd tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong?

- 3 Can sin's deceitful way
 Conduct to Zion's hill ;
 Or those expect with God to reign
 Who disregard his will ?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone
 Can a good hope afford !
 The pardon'd and renew'd shall see
 The glory of the Lord

1069 8,7.

Scenes of glory.

- 1 Dark and thorny is the desert
 Through which pilgrims make their way ;
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
 Lie the fields of endless day :
 Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go ;
 And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young pilgrims, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way ?
 Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigour to decay ?
 Jesus, Jesus, will go with you :
 He will lead you to his throne :—
 He who dyed his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone :—
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation
 He who bids the planets roll,
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole !

Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command :
 They are always hovering round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.

- 4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest :
 There shall love and joy for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast :
 Hail, ye happy, happy spirits !
 Death no more shall make you fear
 Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
 Never shall distress you there.

1070 6,4,7.

The happy land.

- 1 There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day :
 O how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye !
- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away :
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay ?
 O we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye !

- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye,
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 O, then, to glory run:
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 We reign for aye!

1071

6,3.

- 1 Remember, sinful youth, you must die! you
 must die!
 Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
 Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way
 of truth,
 And in your pleasures boast, you must die!
 you must die!
 And in your pleasures boast, you must die.
- 2 Uncertain are your days here below, &c.
 Uncertain are your days, &c.
 Uncertain are your days, for God hath many
 ways
 To bring you to your graves here below, here
 below,
 To bring, &c.
- 3 And if you travel down the broad road, the
 broad road,
 And if you travel down, the broad road,
 And if you travel down, to darkness you are
 bound,
 Eternally around, the broad road, &c.
 Eternally, &c.

- 4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
 you are bound,
 To a dreadful judgment day, you are bound,
 To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts
 whate'er they may ;
 Nor can you it delay, you are bound, &c.
 Nor can you, &c.
- 5 The God who built the sky, great I AM, great
 I AM,
 The God who built the sky, &c.
 The God who built the sky, hath said, (and
 cannot lie,)
 Impenitents must die, and be lost, &c.
 Impenitents, &c.
- 6 And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat, I
 entreat,
 And O! my friends, don't you, &c.
 And O! my friends, don't you, your carnal
 mirth pursue,
 Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, &c.
 Your guilty, &c.
- 7 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life, 'scape
 for life,
 Unto the Saviour flee, &c.
 Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be,
 Your final destiny, 'scape for life, &c.
 Your final, &c.

1072**P. M.**

- 1 Who is he in yonder stall—
 At whose feet the shepherds fall?

CHORUS.—'Tis the Lord, O, wondrous story,
'Tis the Lord the King of glory;
At his feet we humbly fall,
Crown him, crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Who is he in yonder cot,
Bending to his toilsome lot?—CHORUS.
- 3 Lo! at midnight, who is he
Prays in dark Gethsemane?—CHORUS.
- 4 Who is he, who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?—CHORUS.
- 5 Who is he, in deep distress
Fasting in the wilderness?—CHORUS.
- 6 On the cross, Lo! who is he
Sheds his precious blood for me?—CHORUS.
- 7 Who is he that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?—CHORUS.
- 8 Who is that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?—CHORUS.

1073

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHORUS.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me.
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

- 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
- 4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to re-
deem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
- 5 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
- 6 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

1074

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!
- CHORUS.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

- 2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on ;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.
- 3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.
- 4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near ;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer !

1075

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus his Son, will believe,
Hallelujah, 'tis done ! I believe on the Son ;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.
- 2 Though the pathway be lonely, and danger-
ous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly
throng,
They are save now in glory, and this is their
song :
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their
King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they
sing :

- 5 There are prophets and king in that throng I
 behold,
 And they sing as they march through the
 streets of pure gold :
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for
 me,
 And the theme of our praises forever will be—

1076

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
 And through its portals gleaming,
 A radiance from the cross afar,
 The Saviour's love revealing.
 REF —Oh, depth of mercy ! can it be
 That gate was left ajar for me ?
 For me, for me ?
 Was left ajar for me ?
- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
 Who seek through it salvation ;
 The rich and poor, the great and small,
 Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open ;
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love him more in heaven.

1077

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- Спо.—||: Sown in the darkness or sown in the
 light, :
 ||: Sown in our weakness or sown in our
 might, :
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.
- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil ;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame ;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
 Gladly to gather the harvest home ;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

1078

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face :
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

1079

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS,—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven :
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare ;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.
- 3 Oh ! the precious name of Jesus ;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ !
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

1080

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Weary gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow ? .
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?
Late I found a barren field,
The harvest past my search revealed,
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubbles for me remained.
- CHORUS.—Forth to the harvest field away !
Gather your handful while you may ;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reaper's side.
- 2 Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
These faded flow'rs and leaflets sere ?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day ?

All day long in shady bow'rs,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Now, alas! too late I see
All I've gather'd is vanity.

- 3 Burden'd gleaner, thy sheaves I see;
Indeed thou must a weary be!
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day?

1081

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's
land,
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the
shore.

CHORUS.—Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for
the shore!

Heed not the rolling waves, but
bend to the oar;

Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to
self no more!

Leave the poor old stranded wreck,
and pull for the shore.

- 2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the
gale,

Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly
they roar;
Watch the "bright morning star," and pull
for the shore.

- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the
eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is
nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

1082

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.

CHORUS.—Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps
ring;

'Tis the ransomed army like a
mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the
free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-
day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain!
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

1083

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe ;
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive ;
 Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day ;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not, away ;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;
 "O wanderer, come."
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past !
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last !
 "Almost" cannot avail ;
 "Almost" is but to fail !
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
 "Almost—but lost !"

1084

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay :
 Here in His word He's shown us the way ;
 Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
 Tenderly saying, "Come !"
- CHORUS.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
 When from sin our hearts are pure
 and free ;
 And we shall gather, Saviour, with
 Thee
 In our eternal home.

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice.
Do not delay, but come.
- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children come?"

1085

SANKEY'S COL.

- 1 Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His light-house evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS.—Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling sea-
man
You may rescue, you may save.

- 2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.
- 3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother
Some poor seaman tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost*.

1086

ANON.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee '
Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

1087

P. M.

- 1 Ye children of Zion, who're aiming for glory,
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,
New Canaan's bright borders are now just
before you,
Though Jordan's proud billows its banks
overwell.
Ten thousand have cross'd it, and are now
in glory,
A shouting and telling the triumphant story,
And Jesus, our Saviour, will bring us all over,
In the land of sweet Canaan, for ever to
dwell.
- 2 This makes my heart joyful, it fills me with
pleasure,
That suff'ring and toiling will one day be
o'er;
At the feet of my Saviour I'll there count my
treasure,
Where sin, pain, and sorrow can reach me
no more.
Be bold and courageous, and fear not the
devil,
Though he should speak of you all manner
of evil,

For tho' Satan rages, yet Jesus engages
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright
shore.

- 3 Like ships on the ocean we're toss'd by com-
motion,
But Christ is the Pilot, and he's a sure
guide:
If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion
Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side.
Though Satan's wild whirlwinds like deluges
roaring,
And floods of temptation as hail are down
pouring,
Though devils should haunt you, yet let them
not daunt you,
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.
- 4 I feel his love flowing, my spirits are raising,
Had I angel's pinions, away would I go,
And see that bright city, and hear angel's
praising,
And all the enjoyment of glory to know,
To our great God and Father, that shines
throughout heaven,
All glory from saints and from angels be
given;
My heart's all on fire, my Jesus draws nigher,
His love like an ocean, all through me doth
flow.
- 5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't
contain me,
My soul is so joyful, I'm fill'd with new
wine,

'Tis grace that supports me, and glory awaits
me,

While beams from sweet heaven all round
me doth shine.

Bright angels attend me where'er I am going,
Sweet Jesus directs me, whatever I'm doing,
A subject of wonder, on which angels ponder,
That beggars are raised to a life so divine.

1088

Come to Jesus.

- 1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now ;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

[Matt. 11 : 28.]

- 2 He will save you, just now.

[Acts 16 : 31.]

- 3 He is able, just now.

[Heb. 7 : 25.]

- 4 He is willing, just now.

[2 Pet. 3 : 9.]

- 5 He'll receive you, just now.

[John 6 : 37.]

- 6 He'll forgive you, just now.

[1 John 1 : 9.]

- 7 He'll renew you, just now.

[2 Cor. 5 : 17.]

8 Don't reject him, just now.

[Isa. 53: 3.]

9 Only trust him, just now.

[John 5: 12.]

10 Hallelujah, Amen!

[Rev. 19: 4.]

1089

The Shining Shore.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever.

CHANTS.

1090

- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth
| peace, good- | will toward | men.
- 2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship |
thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks
to | thee for | thy great | glory.
- 3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the |
Father | al- | mighty,
- 4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus |
Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God,
Son | of the | Father,
- 5 That takest away the | sins " of the | world,
|| have mercy | upon | us.
- 6 Thou that takest away the | sins " of the |
world, | have mercy | upon | us.
- 7 That thou takest away the | sins " of the |
world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
- 8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God
the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.
- 9 For thou | only " art | holy ; || thou | only |
art the | Lord ;
- 10 Thou only, O Christ ! with the | Holy |
Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of |
God the | Father. || A | men.

1091

- 1 OUR Father who art in heaven, | hallowed |
 be thy | name ; ||
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on |
 earth " as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread ; ||
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
 them that | trespass " a- | gainst— | us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- |
 liver | us from | evil ; ||
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and
 the glory, for ever. | A— | — | men.

1092

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that
 is within me | praise his | holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget
 not | all his | bene- | fits ; ||
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth |
 all " thine in- | firmi- | ties ;
- 4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction |
 and crowneth thee with | mercy " and |
 loving- | kindness.
- 5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that
 ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfil his
 commandment and hearken un- | to the |
 voice " of his | word.
- 6 Oh, praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts, || ye
 servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

- 7 Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of
his, in all places of | his do- | minion. ||
Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul!
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ||
and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever “
shall | be, || world | without | end. A- |
men.

1093

- 1 God be merciful unto us, and | bless— | us, ||
and cause his | face “ to | shine “ up- |
on us,
- 2 That thy way may be known up- | on— |
earth, || thy saving health .. a- | mong “
all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | thee, “ O | God! || let
all the | peo-ple | praise | —thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing “ for |
joy, || for thou shalt judge the people
righteously, and govern the | na-tions
up- | on— | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | thee, “ O | God! || let
all the | peo-ple | praise— | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield “ her | increase, ||
and God, even our own | God, “ shall |
bless— | us.
- 7 God shall | bless— | us, || and all the ends of
the | earth “ shall | fear— | him.

8 God shall | bless | us || and all the ends of
the | earth " shall | fear— | him.

1094

1 HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord " God Al- | mighty !

2 Which was, and | is, and | is to come.

3 Thou art worthy, O Lord ! to receive glory
and | honor " and | power ;

4 For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they | are and | were
cre- | ated.

5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain,

6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and | honor, " and | glory, "
and | blessing.

7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, " and |
power,

8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the | Lamb for | ever " and | ever.

1095

1 COME unto me, all ye that labor and are |
heav-y | laden, || and | I " will | give "
you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;
for I am meek and | lowly " in | heart, ||
and ye shall find | rest— | unto " your |
souls.

3 For my | yoke " is | easy || and | my— |
burden " is | light.

Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, ||
 and | to " the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-
 er | shall be, || world without end.— |
 A— | men.

1096

- 1 I WAS glad when they said | un-to | me, || Let
 us go in- | to " the | house " of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand with- | in " thy | gates, ||
 O | —Je- | ru - sa- | lem.
- 3 Jerusalem is builded | as " a | city || that |
 is " com- | pact " to- | gether :
- 4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes " of the
 | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel,
 to give thanks un- | to " the | name " of
 the | Lord.
- 5 For there are set | thrones " of judgment, || the
 thrones | of " the | house " of—David.
- 6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru - sa- | lem ; they
 shall | prosper " that | love— | thee.
- 7 Peace be with- | in " thy | walls || and pros-
 peri- | ty " with-in " thy | palaces.
- 8 For my brethren and com- | pan-ions' | sakes
 || I will now say, | Peace— | be " with-
 | in thee.
- 9 Because of the house of the | Lord " our—
 God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.

1097

- 1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness "
there- | of, || the world, and | they " that
| dwell " there- | in ;
- 2 For he hath founded it up- | on " the | seas
|| and established | it " upon " the |
floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of " the |
Lord ? || or who shall stand | in " his |
ho - ly | place ?
- 4 He that hath clean hands and a | pure— |
heart, || who hath not lifted up his soul
unto vanity, | nor— | sworn " de- | ceit-
fully.
- 5 He shall receive the blessing | from " the |
Lord, || and righteousness from the |
God " of | his sal-va-tion.
- 6 This is the generation of them that | seek—
| him, || that seek | thy— | face, " O |
Jacob !
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates ! and be ye
lift up, ye ever- | last-ing | doors, || and
- the King of | glo - ry | shall " come | in.
- 8 Who is this | King " of | glory ? || The Lord,
strong and mighty, the | Lord, — |
mighty " in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates ! even lift
them up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, ||
and the King of | glo - ry | shall " come
| in.

10 Who is this | King " of | glory? || The Lord
of hosts; | He " is the | King " of |
glory.

1098

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes—un - to the | hills ||
from whence | com - eth | my— | help.

2 My help cometh | from " the | Lord || which
| made— | heaven " and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy | foot " to be | moved ;
|| he that | keepeth " thee | will " not |
slumber.

4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall nei-
ther—slum - ber | nor— | sleep.

5 The Lord | is " thy | keeper ; || the Lord is
thy shade up- | on " thy | right— | hand.

6 The sun shall not | smite thee " by | day, ||
nor the | moon— | by— | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— |
evil ; || he | shall " pre- | serve " thy |
soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
thy | com - ing | in || from this time forth,
and | even " for | ev - er- | more.

1099

1 God is our | refuge " and | strength, || a very
pres - ent | help " in | trouble.

- 2 Therefore will we not fear, though the | **earth**
 " be re- | moved, || and though the moun-
 tains be carried | into " the | midst " of
 the | sea;
- 3 Though the waters thereof roar | and " be |
 troubled, || though the mountains | **shake**
 " with the | swelling " there- | of.
- 4 There is a river the streams whereof shall
 make glad the | city " of | God, || the
 holy place of the tabernacles | of " the |
 Most— | High.
- 5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not "
 be | moved; || God shall | help her, " and
 | that " right | early.
- 6 The Lord of | hosts " is | with us; || the God
 of | Ja - cob | is " our | refuge.
- 7 Be still, and know that | I " am | God; || I will
 be exalted among the heathen, I will be
 ex- | alt - ed | in " the | earth.
- 8 The Lord of | hosts " is | with us; || the God
 of | Ja - cob | is " our | refuge.

1100

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me | o'er and | o'er: ||
 I'm nearer my home to-day
 Than I | ever have | been be- | fore.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many | mansions | be; ||

Nearer the great white throne,
| Nearer the | crystal | sea; ||

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down; ||
Nearer leaving the cross,
| Nearer | gaining the | crown. ||

4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark be- | fore my | sight, ||
That brightly the other side
| Break on a | shore of | light. ||

5 Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost | gained the | brink, ||
If it be I am nearer home
| Even to- | day than I | think, ||

6 Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit | feel in | death ||
That her feet are firmly set
On the | Rock of a | living | faith. ||

1101

1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the shining and the shading, |

Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon. ||

Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting |
I shall be soon ; ||
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon. ||

Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever |
I shall be soon , ||
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ||

Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

DOXOLOGIES.

1102

L. M.

Doxologies.

- 1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

- 2 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive
And reign above the sky.

C. M.

- 3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

S. M.

- 4 Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

1103

7,7,8,7.

C. WESLEY.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ascribe we equal glory!
One Deity, In Persons Three,
Let all thy works adore thee.

As was from the beginning,
Glory to God be given,
By all who know thy name below,
And all thy hosts in heaven!

1104

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1105

8,7,8,7,4,7.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

1106

7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.

C. WESLEY.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

1107

8,7.

NEWTON.

2 Cor, xiii. 14.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

1108

L. M.

NEWTON.

Phil. iv. 7.

The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts ;
And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

1109

8,7.

Dismission.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase ;
Fill each breast with consolation ;
Up to thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

1110

6,6,6,6,8,8.

WATTS.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, While faith adores.

1111

8,8,6.

MERRICK.

All glory to th' Eternal Three ;
Thee, Father ; thee, O Son ; and thee,
The Spirit ever blessed !—
That glory, which through ages past,
Unchanged has stood, and yet shall last
When time has sunk to rest.

1112

8,8,8,8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Shout to the great Jehovah's praise !
Ye sons of glory and of grace ;
One God in persons Three adore,
The same in majesty and power :
Ye suff'ring and triumphant host,
Praise, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1113

8,8,8.

C. WESLEY.

Praise to the glorious Cause of all,
Whom One in Persons Three we call,
Be by his every creature given !
Worship Divine to him be paid,
Whose hands the whole creation made,
The Triune God of earth and heaven.

1114 11s.

O Father Almighty, To Thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from
heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be
given.

1115 C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

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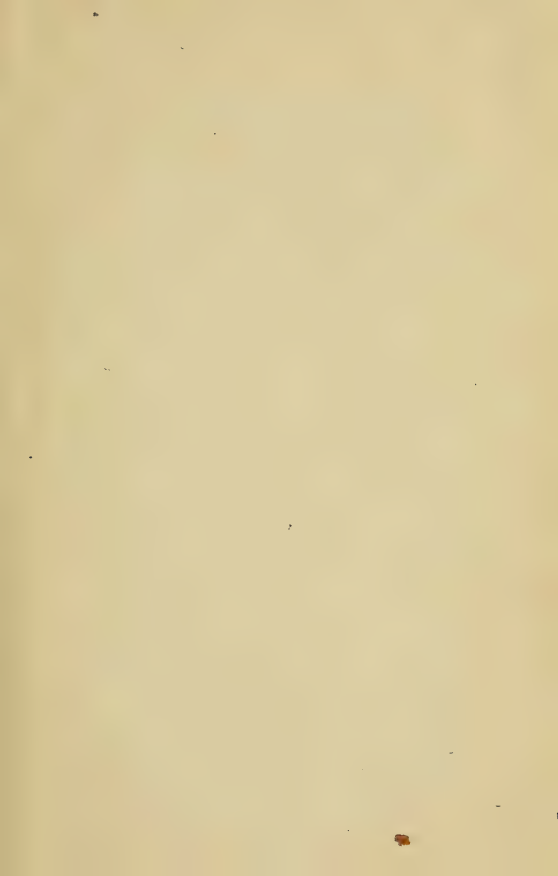
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